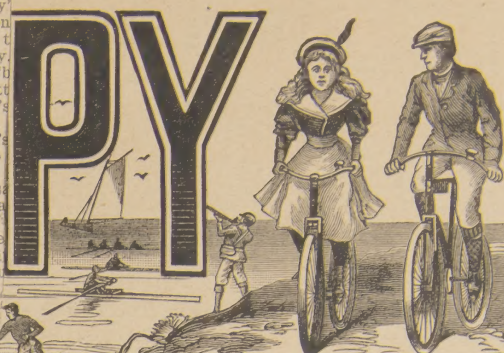


lyn. "The trouble is, they don't often have confidence in the man with the hammer."
 "I suppose a mine sometimes makes good showing at first, and then fizzles out after a year or two—just when they've sunk a few shafts and put a pile of money in the plant. That's what discourages capitalists," said Phil, very thoughtfully.
 "That's it, exactly," said Mr. Allyn; "but still I advise you to look around a little. I'm a great believer in luck, and there's a chance for everybody in this country."
 "You are located at Little Bay; that's a good bit above where the Salamanco bound, isn't it?" asked Ray.
 "About thirty miles—just a pleasant sail. I shall expect you boys to visit my place and I promise you that I'll take you near the center of the earth as you care to go, for our lowest level now is twelve hundred feet. We expect in time to go through to China."
 "Jerusalem!" cried Paul. "That's far down for me. How do you get down there, anyway, and how do you get after you get there?"
 "Oh,"

100 Pianos and Fifteen \$50 Pianos



A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

He said, "you and Mr. passengers. Now it is my turn to try to help that poor fellow who is in danger. You are willing."
 "I'll bet," said the man on the back. "I don't let a ship go down without my help. I simply can't let it go without me."
 "We are ready to go," said the Captain of the Salamanco.
 "We are ready to go," said the Captain of the Salamanco.

"No, but he will have in a minute they are swinging one from the davit. Officer Hartly was standing in the boat when she struck the water and other minute the boys saw four men with him."
 "Hurrah!" yelled Ray. "They are the rescue! Oh, what a pity it is that we can't save the vessel!"
 "She's going down!" cried Floy. "I saw the sailing vessel suddenly disappear. There she goes, head first, but isn't it awful!"
 In an instant the ship had foundered and gone completely out of sight, and could see nothing but the seething water. Then a shout through the trumpet of the lookouts thrilled them:
 "Their boats have capsized and twenty men struggling in the water."
 Captain Ashe sprang upon the deck and bellowed his orders.
 "Man boat No. 2. Quick, boys!"
 Two of the old sailors sprang to obey the order, the others stood by and did not move a muscle.
 "Man the boat. I tell you!"

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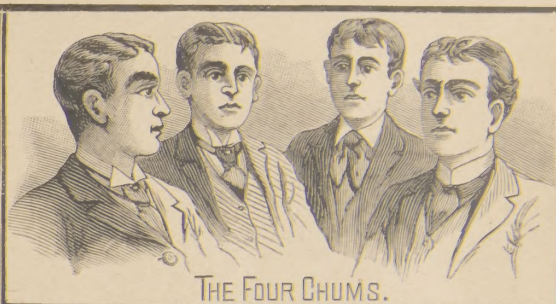
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No. 266

Lost Among the Icebergs; or, PHIL BROWN'S VACATION UP NORTH.

BY C. LITTLE.



Paul and the Captain blazed away and the sailors fired back, but as they were all pretty well frightened their bullets did not do any damage. On the other hand, two of them had dropped to the deck when Phil emptied his weapon; the others took to their heels and disappeared down the fore-castle.

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Lost Among the Icebergs

By C. LITTLE.

CHAPTER I.

A RACE ON DECK.

Captain Jack Ashe stood on the deck of his steamer, the "Salamanco," and took a good look around before he expressed his opinion of the weather to his second officer. "It's a good bit colder than it ought to be," he said, after a little. "We'll meet an army of icebergs before we've gone ten miles further."

"There's always a lot of 'em in July anyway, along about here, ain't there?" asked the second officer, who was making his first trip to Newfoundland on the steamer Salamanco.

"Yes, always. They call it 'The Iceberg's Home,'" answered Captain Ashe. "They get afloat in the spring and reach here about this time every year. Some of 'em come clear from Greenland and I believe they are colder than the others. There must be more of 'em than usual, though, for it's the coldest first day of July that I ever remember in these waters."

"Been over this course many years, sir?" asked the officer.

The captain smiled. "I was born on the coast of Newfoundland," he replied, "and I know every inch of the island from one end to the other. Why, I was a sailor on the 'Bear' when she rescued the Greely party in '84. You were a little fellow then, and Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, who commanded the rescuing party, was not as big a man then as he was the day he captured Cervera's fleet at Santiago. That was a great trip, I tell you!"

Captain Ashe was just about to relate his experiences on that occasion to his under officer, when a party of boys all bundled up in long ulsters, steamer caps, rugs and bed blankets, came slipping and sprawling along the deck yelling like a band of Apache Indians.

"Jimmiey Christmas, ain't it cold! I say, Cap, are you trying to turn us into icebergs? If this is what you call July, do, for goodness sake, tell you what kind of weather you have in December!"

Where are we, anyway, Captain, in Labrador or Greenland? It feels like the north pole, but I don't suppose we have had quite time to reach that point, seeing we had supper in St. Johns only last evening."

The Captain laughed good-naturedly as the boys came slipping across the icy promenade deck, and he even extended his hand to help them scramble up to the bridge beside him.

"You don't call this cold, I hope," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "Why, I was just going to ask if you didn't want ice cream for dinner."

"It's a wonder you didn't tell us there were some fans aboard that we could use if we wanted. Oh, you're a great fellow for a joke, Cap, but we're too cold to appreciate you."

The speaker, Phil Brown, was a handsome lad, about sixteen years old, but he was large for his age, and possessed the muscles of an athlete. He had on a heavy ulster, and a woolen steamer cap, with a small American flag stuck through the top of it.

"You'll be warm as soon as you catch sight of the bergs," said the captain, looking at him pleasantly. "There's nothing like this Newfoundland scenery to make a boy's blood tingle or a man's either, for that matter."

"Why, I saw three bergs before we reached St. Johns," said Phil, "and they only gave me the shivers, they were such beastly cold fellows. But perhaps, as you say, a lot of them may have a different effect. I expect they'll make me so mad with their grim, staring coldness that I'll want to get off of the steamer and punch 'em."

"They are a bit tantalizing sometimes," said the captain, "particularly when they get exactly in the vessel's course, and there isn't room enough to go either side of 'em."

The boys all gasped and looked horrified for a minute.

"Does that happen often?" asked Floyd Darrell, one of the youngest boys in the party.

"Often than I like," was the Captain's answer. "Why, I've been up here, boys, when the icebergs were all frozen together."

"That's a good one, too," said Phil Brown, laughing. "What did you do then, Captain; breath on them and melt them, or wait until they thawed out the next summer?"

"Neither," said the Captain. "I went through them, of course," he turned and looked at the compass, but winked at his officer as he did so.

"It begins to look as though we had risked our valuable lives on a dangerous craft," remarked Ray Kelsey, who had a bed blanket around him.

"Unless the Captain is as good a sailor as he is a fibber, we'll all be in Davy Jones' locker before this trip is ended."

The Captain roared, and so did the second officer.

"You can't scare those boys with sea yarns, Captain," laughed the officer. "They are made of too good stuff to be afraid of danger."

"We ain't afraid as long as Captain Ashe is at the helm," cried Phil Brown, slapping the Captain on the shoulder, "for if he is a bit of a ghost story narrator, he's a rattling good fellow, and just the prince of captains!"

"Much obliged! Much obliged!" shouted the Captain, laughing. "But see here, boys, you'd better be getting your breakfasts. It's going to be colder by ten degrees in less than an hour, and a little hot coffee will keep you from feeling it so badly."

"I'm past feeling already," said Phil, whose nose was as blue as indigo. "My feet and hands have been numb for nearly an hour, and as for ears and nose—I don't believe that I have any."

"I'm going down in the stoke hole to thaw out," cried Ray. "I took a look down there this morning and I positively envied the stoker."

"Perhaps he'll let you have his job for the rest of the trip," said the Captain. "He's as hot as you are cold, so you might do well to ask him."

"I'll do so at once," said Ray, starting for the deck.

"I'm going to ask the engineer to give me a hot bath in the boiler," said Floyd Darrell, whose teeth were chattering.

"You might oil the engine for a while and stir up your circulation," suggested the Captain. "You are as shriveled up as a mummy; you'll freeze solid if you stay out here any longer."

"Good-by; I'm going," called Floyd, as he started after his friend Ray. "When I come on deck again I'll bring a warming pan with me."

There were now two boys left on the bridge with the Captain and his officer. Phil Brown was one and Phil's chum, Paul Dent, was the other.

"See here, Paul," said Phil. "I dare you to run me a race to the other end of the steamer. Every time you fall down it will cost you a quarter, and the winner gets a dollar, which he has to put in the hospital box of the steamer."

"I'll go you," cried Paul, who was also bundled up in a blanket.

"It's risky business, boys," said the Captain, "and I don't quite like to have you do it. You might break a leg as easily as not."

"We'll be careful," said Phil, who was eager for some exercise, and in a second Paul had dropped his blanket and the boys were scrambling down the slippery stairs to the main deck of the steamer.

"Go down and keep your eye on them, Hartly," said the Captain, taking the wheel. "They are mighty nice boys, and I don't want anything to happen to them."

"You're right, they are nice boys," said the officer. "I'll do my best to see that they don't fall overboard at any rate."

When Officer Hartly, as he was called, reached the forward hatch, the boys were toeing a crack in the deck preparatory to starting.

Just the brief excitement of the race had brought the color to their cheeks, and their eyes sparkled with fun over their novel amusement.

"Be careful, boys; the deck is awful icy," called Hartly. "The spray freezes wherever it strikes and you'll get an ugly fall if you slip up on it."

"One, two, three and off!" shouted Phil, and both boys started forward on their icy race track.

Hartly sprinted after them, but he had to catch hold of the rail in less than a minute.

"Whoop! There he goes down! I knew you'd get hurt," he yelled, as Paul's feet flew from under him.

In a second he was up again, and after Phil, who had gained about ten feet lead through his friend's misfortune.

"Oh, you ain't so smart, Mr. Surefoot!" yelled Paul. "Hurray, there you go! Now honors are even."

Phil had stepped on a bit of ice just as the steamer lurched and in a second he was sprawling in every direction.

"A quarter apiece," he yelled, as he picked himself up. "For Heaven's sake, Hartly, keep this old craft steady for a minute!"

The boys had got to the galley now—it was pretty slow going, and they were getting more careful.

"I expect we'd get along better if we had rubber shoes," called Phil, just as the steamer lurched again and threw him fair and square into the arms of his chum.

"Hello, there! No fouling!" yelled Officer Hartly from the rail. The boys separated themselves and started off again toward the stern of the steamer. In less than a minute Paul was down again and Phil was sitting on a coil of rope that he had fallen over in his hurry.

It took a couple more starts to get across the deck, and Paul had three falls to his credit while Phil won with two falls in exactly three minutes and six seconds.

"Are either of you hurt?" asked the officer, as he joined them at the capstan. "You had some pretty rough tumbles. I expected to have to take you both below on a stretcher."

"What's the matter with the ambulance service? No, I'm not hurt and neither is Paul. We are just a bit winded," laughed Phil, as he puffed and panted.

"Not so cold as you were, eh?" laughed the officer. "Well, now, what foolhardy thing are you boys going to do next? I expect nothing else but what you'll break your necks long before we get to the end of our journey."

"Oh, no, we won't. It's only the good that die young," said Paul. "This is Phil's vacation, and he's in for a good time, and as we other fellows are his guests on this northern trip, it's our duty, you know, to see that he has it."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not responsible for you to your fathers and mothers," laughed the officer, "for you're the liveliest lot of chaps that I ever came in contact with. It will take the Captain to look after you, for he is the only man I know that can handle a lot of boys satisfactorily."

"The Captain is one of us," said Phil Brown, laughing. "He's only a boy himself, but he's got a man's experience and wisdom. If I live to be a man I want to be just as jolly as he is, so the boys will all like me, and make a confidant of me. Some men are as stern and grim as dragons. I'm glad my father ain't—he's just exactly like the Captain."

"He must be a good fellow, or he wouldn't send you off on a trip like this," said the officer thoughtfully. "Most fathers want their sons to stay at home during their vacations, and help them."

"Well my pop is very different from that, I can tell you," said Phil, proudly. "Why, do you know he paid my passage and that of my three boy friends, and then gave me a thousand dollars in cash to blow in on my month's vacation."

"He's a dandy!" cried Hartly. "I'd like to know him. But I'll bet you'll get your money's worth of fun before you go back. It may be a trifle chilly here, but it will be warmer at Philley's Island."

"That's your last port, isn't it?" asked Paul, as they all started to walk forward.

"Yes, we go there for iron ore; there's a big mine up there," said the officer. "If you expect to go further north, you'll have to take one of the coast line steamers."

"Are they as big as these?"

"Oh, no, not nearly. They are only wooden steamers, built to bump around in the ice. Why, they go clear through to Labrador and carry mail to the Esquimaux."

"Oh, rats! The Esquimaux can't read," laughed Paul. "They talk in grunts and have nothing to eat but tallow."

"Blubber, you mean," said Phil. "They don't raise any sheep in the wilds of Labrador."

"Well, we'll see what they raise when we get there," said Paul, "for Phil has promised to take us as near Greenland as possible."

"Then you'd better be getting toughened to cold weather," said the officer, "for this is a summer day compared with what you'll find in Greenland."

"How can we do it?" asked Phil, a little anxiously. "I am ready to submit to a course of training. Must I live on sandwiches of soft coal and matches?"

"No, but you must fill yourself full of grease of every description," said the officer, "and as the breakfast bell is just ringing I would suggest that you begin on lard and follow it up with sausages and butter."

"Ugh! It makes me sick to think of it!" cried Phil, with a shiver. "I guess I'll postpone my training for an hour at least. I'm going to fill up this morning on boiling hot coffee."

CHAPTER II.

A SHIP IN DISTRESS.

As soon as they had eaten their breakfasts the boys held a consultation in the saloon as to what they should do next. While they were talking Mr. Allyn, the manager of a big copper mine at Little Bay, a couple of hundred miles further up the coast, came up to them and asked them a few questions.

"Where are you boys bound for?" he said. "Philley's Island or Little Bay? Are you on a hunting trip or just looking for something in the way of pleasure?"

"Oh, we're going as far as Peary did, if we can," said Phil, laughing. "Only I'm afraid we can't, for I'm due in New York before the first of September. As for pleasure—we are looking for everything and anything that may come our way, but we do hope to see a few seal and a little caribou hunting."

"You'll get that anywhere on the mainland," said Mr. Allyn, "but you must visit some of the islands and do a little prospecting. You know there is untold wealth in the rocks and soil of Newfoundland. You might be lucky enough to strike a vein of ore and become as rich as Croesus during your summer's vacation."

"Gee whiz! I never thought of that! I'll think about it a little, Mr. Allyn. I'll just borrow a hammer from the Captain when I go ashore and go around tapping all the rocks to see what they are made of. But suppose I should trespass on some other fellow's property? I'd get arrested, wouldn't I, and lose my hammer?"

"Oh, we are not troubled with neighbors up in this part of the country," said Mr. Allyn. "It is mostly crown lands, and any fellow has a right to examine it. If you find any bit of territory that you think looks valuable, you have only to stake it off and make a bid for it when you get back to St. Johns. They'll settle the matter of deeds and title."

"And have many fortunes been made in that way?" asked Paul.

"Quite a number that I know of," was Mr. Allyn's answer; "and there are a lot of men who own valuable property up there who are bound to get rich if they ever find money enough to open up the mines, but that's the trouble, they can't get a starter."

"I should think capitalists would be glad to invest," said Paul.

"So they would, if they were sure what was under the surface," answered Mr. Al-

lyn. "The trouble is, they don't often have confidence in the man with the hammer."

"I suppose a mine sometimes makes a good showing at first, and then fizzles out after a year or two—just when they've sunk a few shafts and put a pile of money in the plant. That's what discourages the capitalists," said Phil, very thoughtfully.

"That's it, exactly," said Mr. Allyn; "but still I advise you to look around a little. I'm a great believer in luck, and there's a chance for everybody in this country."

"You are located at Little Bay; that's a good bit above where the Salamanco is bound, isn't it?" asked Ray.

"About thirty miles—just a pleasant sail. I shall expect you boys to visit my place, and I promise you that I'll take you as near the center of the earth as you care to go, for our lowest level now is twelve hundred feet. We expect in time to go through to China."

"Jerusalem!" cried Paul. "That's too far down for me. How do you get down there, anyway, and how do you breathe after you get there?"

"Oh, there are lots of ways to get down," said Mr. Allyn, smiling. "You can go down the ladders or down in the skip."

"Or fall down, if you choose," broke in Ray Kelsey. "That's the way I should go if I started, I'm thinking."

"The breathing is all right. We have compressed air," said Mr. Allyn, "and as the shafts open in different levels it would not make you dizzy. You only look down about twenty feet at a time," he explained.

"Well, that's better," said Ray. "I guess I could stand that. I'm sure I shall be delighted to visit you, but Phil is the manager of this expedition."

"And I shall certainly plan some way to get to Little Bay," said Phil. "Twelve hundred feet underground is an experience that I'm determined to encounter."

"Here's Officer Hartly," cried Paul, as the second officer entered the saloon to get his breakfast.

"Is it any warmer up on deck now, officer?" he asked, going over to the table.

"No, indeed, it's colder by five degrees, and there are a dozen bergs in sight. They are just waiting for us by hundreds. Oh, we'll have a time getting through them!"

"Let's go up on deck and have a look at them," cried Floyd. "I'm as warm as toast now; I only hope I stay so."

The boys hurried into their ulsters and tied mufflers over their ears; then they all put on fur gloves and started for the companion-way.

"Do be careful up the boys," called Officer Hartly after them. "Remember the decks are all ice and the stairs are as slippery as glass!"

"We'll be careful," called back Phil, "if it's only to please you, Br'er Hartly, but if I did just as I felt, I'd go climb up in the rigging."

"You won't feel so fine after you get upon the bridge," said the officer, but Phil had darted up the stairs, so he did not hear.

There was no one in the saloon now but the second officer, so the steward, Mr. Marvin, came in to talk with him while he was eating his breakfast.

"Is there much trouble ahead?" asked Mr. Marvin, a little anxiously. He had been over the course often and knew about what might be expected.

"Any amount of it, Marvin," said the officer dubiously. "There are hundreds of those fellows and there's a mighty dark night coming."

"Where are we now?" asked the steward after a minute.

"Pretty near off Toulengate, and there's no end of fog banks. We were in one for half an hour while the boys were eating breakfast."

"These cold fogs are awful," said the steward, with a shiver. "I've been running on this coast for years, but somehow I never get used to them."

"I'll bet those boys will be a bit nervous before morning," laughed the officer, "for it's going to be a ticklish kind of a night, if I'm not mistaken, and in spite of the fact of their high spirits, they are only children."

"They are gamey fellows; I'll bet on every one of them," said the steward, stoutly. "That Phil Brown is a dandy; he's as smart as a steel trap."

"Yes, he's a fine fellow all right, and so are the others. For their sakes, at least, I hope we make port safely."

"Oh, we'll come out all right, I am sure," said the steward. "Captain Ashe is the best man that I ever sailed with. We may have a close call or two, but we'll see port in the morning."

"I hope so," said the officer, as he rose from the table. "I'm going to turn in now; the first officer is on duty."

He left the saloon, and the steward followed him, while two waiters came in and removed the dishes.

"It will be rough enough for the 'fiddlers' by lunch time," said one. "So we may as well put 'em on and have it done with."

They jerked off the table-cloth and put on the "fiddle," which was a sort of wooden frame with places to set the dishes so they wouldn't slide around on the table. Then they laid the salt and pepper boxes on their sides in an enclosure near the plates, and fastened the castors so they could not tip over.

After that the saloon was deserted for

several hours, for the boys braved the cold in order to stay on deck and gaze at the icebergs.

"I've counted fifty already," said Phil, as he leaned against the rail in the lee of the galley.

"And I make sixty," said Paul, who was gazing out over the water. "I expect it's pretty near impossible to count them straight while we are moving."

"I wonder that the Captain dares to go at full speed," said Ray, after a minute. "Suppose he should ever strike a spur that was under water!"

"Yes, suppose he should," said Paul, with a shiver. "It would send us all to the bottom in less than a minute."

"It might not," said Phil, calmly; "for we could take to the boats. I confess that wouldn't be pleasant, but it would be better than drowning."

"I'm not so sure," said Floyd. "I'd about as soon drown as freeze; but as we haven't struck one yet, I propose that we don't talk about it."

"Let's sing 'Home, Sweet Home,'" suggested Paul, and they all laughed. Their faces were so cold that they could hardly manage their mouths in talking, and they wondered what headway they would make in singing.

Just then the captain passed them on his way to his cabin. They could just see his eyes between the brim of his cap and the collar of his sou-wester.

"There's some of that ice cream left for you, Captain," called Phil merrily; "and there's a palm-leaf fan in my state-room if you want it."

"Looks as if he had a sun stroke, doesn't he?" cried Paul. "Better put an ice pack on your head, Captain, as soon as you get to your cabin."

"I didn't say I was cold, did I?" asked the Captain laughing.

"Oh, no, you didn't say so; you don't have to!" yelled Phil. "Why, Cap, you look as if you had been in a refrigerator for at least a month. I'll bet you'd keep forever if you were laid on the equator."

"That's right—enjoy yourselves," cried the Captain, as he hurried along. "I've been facing that icy sleet for the last four hours, and yet I'm warmer this minute than the whole bunch of you put together."

"That ain't saying much," admitted Paul, whose teeth were chattering. "I feel as if I'd swallowed the north pole and about half of Greenland."

"I propose that we adjourn to a warmer region," said Phil. "Those icebergs won't run away while we are warming ourselves a little."

"No, and there's small danger of their melting, either," said Paul; "but, hello! there comes the Captain back again, and he's running, too. What do you suppose is the matter?"

The boys held their breaths as the Captain darted past them. He did not speak to nor look at them, so they knew something had happened.

In another second they had all scrambled upon the promenade deck, and just in time to hear the Captain call out to the wheelman:

"Did you hear that gun, Tom? There's some ship in distress. Quick! Send a lookout aloft, and be ready to signal. I'll mind the wheel for a minute. Here, hand me the trumpet!"

In another instant there was a commotion on the decks, for from off in the distance came the heavy boom of a gun, and the Salamanco promptly answered with a similar signal.

The boys held their breaths as a sailor ran up the icy rigging with a glass in his hand, and stood hanging by one arm while he scanned the horizon.

Suddenly he shouted to the Captain on the bridge:

"Sailing vessel on the starboard bow! Her signal reads that she has struck a berg and is sinking!"

"Great Heaven! Isn't that awful!" whispered Paul, when he heard it. "A vessel sinking, and we too far away to help her!"

"There are hundreds of icebergs between us," said Ray, almost trembling with horror. "We couldn't get anywhere near her; it would be folly to attempt it."

Just then there was a ringing order through the trumpet from the Captain, and the blood rushed to Phil Brown's cheeks as he heard and understood it.

"Bravo! Hurrah for our noble Captain!" he shouted. "He has ordered the steamer's nose turned in the direction of the sinking vessel, and the sailors are standing by ready to man the boats when they are needed!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MUTINY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It was just as Phil said; the Captain had ordered all hands on deck, and was steering as straight for the ship in distress as the icebergs would let him.

The boys forgot all about being cold, while they hung on to the rail and watched operations.

The Captain ordered half speed, and began creeping between the bergs, going so near to some of them that the boys could have tossed biscuits on them.

While they were staring at one of the blue-white monsters the Captain came over quickly and stood beside them.

"Look here, boys," he said, "you and Mr. Allyn are my only passengers. Now it rests with you whether I try to help that sinking vessel. I have no right to endanger your lives unless you are willing."

"Go right straight ahead, Captain; we are perfectly willing!" cried Phil Brown, promptly. "And furthermore, you can count on us to help with the boats, if you need us. We may be boys, but we are big, strong ones, you know, and we've got lots to spare in the way of muscle."

"Yes, and grit, too, I'll bet," said the Captain, slapping him on the back. "I knew you were with me, when I headed in this direction. I can't let a ship go down without trying to help her. I simply can't and that's all there is about it!"

"Of course you can't, Cap; we'd be disgusted with you if you did," said Ray Kelsey, stoutly. "We know it's dangerous, but we don't care for that. We are ready to go down or float with the Captain of the Salamanco."

"Thank you, boys!" said the Captain in a husky voice; "but I guess it won't be quite so bad as that. I hope to save life and not to lose it."

He went back to the bridge, and the boys huddled close together, stamping their feet to keep the blood in circulation.

First to port and then to starboard the Salamanco dodged the monstrous icebergs in search of the sinking vessel.

Suddenly, as she rounded one gigantic berg, the boys saw a sight that filled them with horror.

There was a full-rigged ship right before their eyes, with her signals of distress set in her rigging, and her gun booming for help at regular intervals.

"She is filling slowly!" called the Captain to the boys. "We'll be in time to save her crew if the floating ice don't hinder us!"

He signaled for more speed, and the Salamanco steamed forward. Between her and the ship there was quite a strip of clear water.

The crew was all on deck waiting to man the boats, and the second officer had been called from his sleep to take charge in case of mutiny.

"I'm not altogether sure of my crew," said the Captain, coming over to the boys again. "There are several of them new hands, fellows that I took on in New York when the regular men did not show up at the hour of sailing."

"They certainly will stand by you in an emergency like this," said Phil. "Why, they'd be worse than cowards if they failed to do their duty!"

"Well, I hope they're all right, but I'm not sure of them," said the Captain. "That's why I called the second officer to take charge of them now. My best men are in the rigging or forward on lookout, and the boat's a stranger, as well as three of the sailors."

"Give me a pistol and I'll help Hartly in case of any trouble," said Phil. "Don't be afraid to trust me. I know how to use it."

"You'll find two in my cabin; go and get them," said the Captain. "I've got mine in my pocket, but I hope I shan't need it."

"It won't do any harm to be prepared," said Phil, as he and Paul started on a run for the Captain's cabin.

The first officer was in charge of the wheel, and he called to the Captain just then that he wished to speak to him.

"I've got a pistol of my own in my grip," said Ray to Floyd. "I'm going down to my state-room and put it in my pocket."

"Bring my jack-knife when you come; you'll find it in my bag," said Floyd. "It isn't as much use as a pistol, but it may come in handy."

The sea was running pretty high out where they were just now, so Ray had a perilous time getting down to his state-room.

"Gee whiz, but it's getting rough!" he said to the steward, as he passed him.

Then he pitched almost headlong into the door of his state-room.

He tried to look out through the port-hole, but the water was dashing against it and for the first time on the trip Ray felt a little bit frightened.

"Oh, pshaw!" he said aloud. "I'm not scared if the others are not!"

He found his revolver and Floyd's knife, and put them in his pocket. Then something prompted him to pick up two or three loose articles and stuff them also into the pockets of his ulster.

"That extra pair of gloves may come in handy," he whispered. "We may pick up some poor fellow whose hands are freezing."

As quick as he got back on deck he saw that there was trouble. The first officer was still on the bridge, but the Captain had gone aft to talk to the sailors.

Ray looked for the sinking ship, and saw that she had settled a good deal lower and was beginning to list in an alarming manner.

"How long will she last?" he asked as a sailor ran past him.

"Not much longer," was the reply. "The sea is running so heavy she'll be swamped in a minute."

"They have lowered their small boats; I saw them," called out Floyd. He was standing at the rail staring fixedly at the vessel.

"Has Captain Ashe got a boat lowered yet?" Ray asked when he reached him.

"No, but he will have in a minute. See, they are swinging one from the davits."

Officer Hartly was standing in the life-boat when she struck the water and in another minute the boys saw four sailors with him.

"Hurrah!" yelled Ray. "They are off to the rescue! Oh, what a pity it is that they can't save the vessel!"

"She's going down!" cried Floyd, as he saw the sailing vessel suddenly pitch forward. "There she goes, head first! My, but isn't it awful!"

In an instant the ship had foundered and gone completely out of sight, and the boys could see nothing but the seething waters.

Then a shout through the trumpet of one of the lookouts thrilled them:

"Their boats have capsized and there are twenty men struggling in the water!" he roared.

Captain Ashe sprang upon the rail and bellowed his orders.

"Man boat No. 2. Quick, bo's'n!" he shouted.

Two of the old sailors sprang forward to obey the order, the others stood stock still, and did not move a muscle.

"Man the boat, I tell you!" roared the Captain, pulling his revolver. "If that boat isn't lowered in a second, I'll blow you into eternity!"

"And I'll help!" yelled Phil, springing up beside the Captain. "Obey orders, or I'll plug your carcasses plum full of bullets!"

The rebellious sailors looked dazed for a moment, then the boatswain promptly jerked a big revolver from his pocket and fired point blank at his Captain.

"We'll man no boat in those seas!" he cried hoarsely. "We've had enough of them icebergs without going any nearer!"

"You cowards!" bawled Phil, as he clutched the Captain by the shoulder for fear he had been struck by the bullet.

Then he emptied his revolver at the group of sailors.

Paul and the Captain blazed away also, and the sailors fired back, but as they were all pretty well frightened their bullets did not do any damage.

On the other hand, two of them had dropped to the deck when Phil emptied his weapon, the others took to their heels and disappeared down the fore-castle, while the boatswain dropped his weapon and threw up both hands in terror.

The Captain was not hurt, so in a second he sprang from the rail and pinioned the fellow.

Ray and Floyd came running up, but there was nothing for them to do, so at a signal from Phil they sprang into the life-boat.

There were two of the old sailors in here when the firing began, but they had both disappeared during the excitement.

"We'll man that boat for you, Captain; we are all expert rowers," cried Phil, and before the Captain could say "no," they had swung her off from the davits.

By that time the first boat was coming back with four half-drowned men on board, so the Captain could only groan and let the boys go to the rescue.

"What makes it so dark?" called out Floyd, after a minute. They had steadied their boat and were heading straight for the sinking vessel.

"For goodness sake, boys, just look at our steamer. Is she fading away, or what is the matter?"

"It's a fog bank that is chasing us," cried Phil in horror. "If it lasts many minutes we'll all go to the bottom."

"We can do nothing to rescue those poor fellows in this darkness," said Paul. "It will be all we can do to keep our own boat steady."

In less than a minute the steamer was enveloped in blackness, and it was all the boys in the boat could do to distinguish each other's faces.

They could hear the Salamanco blowing her whistle, but although she was so near them the sound seemed to be at a great distance.

"These icebergs raise the mischief with signals," said Phil. "I only hope that they can see better than we can on the steamer."

"Oh, if she should ever strike a berg in this darkness," groaned Ray.

"She'd go down like a stone," answered Phil, with a shiver.

The fog lasted about ten minutes, and the boys kept rowing steadily, both in order to steady the boat and to keep from freezing. The storm had ceased by this time, and the sea was calm.

When the fog finally lifted there was no steamer in sight. The boys searched the ocean over, but could see nothing but icebergs.

"She has gone down!" cried Phil, in a perfect burst of agony. "She has gone down with all on board, and we are lost among the icebergs!"

For just one horrible moment the boys looked at each other, and then Phil sprang up in the boat and pointed ahead.

There was a curious-looking craft bearing straight down upon them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Don't fail to try for one of the ten \$500.00 Planos we are giving away. See 16th page.

Watch Your Words.

Keep watch of your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like bees' fresh honey—
Like bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sun-
shine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the bitter contest,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchal-
lenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like
lightning
Or fall on the heart like lead.

Keep them back if they are cold or cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my darling,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your fires, and ever
From the time of your early youth
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Young Frank Reade And His Electric Airship;

OR,

A 10,000 MILE SEARCH FOR A MISSING MAN.

By "NONAME."

Author of "Wrecked at the Pole," "Frank
Reade Jr. in Cuba," "Six Weeks in
the Moon," "Two Continents," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE CRATER.

"Hello, sky-scraper!" shouted Small, fa-
cetiously. "We've been looking all over the
country for you!"
"Is that so?" replied Frank, quietly.
"Well, here I am."
"We've got some good news for you.
Come down and I'll give it to ye."
"Show your good faith by giving it to me
at this height," replied Frank.
"Oh, come off! What are ye afraid of?
You can beat us. Come down and be friend-
ly."

"What is your news?"
"It concerns the young lady's father."
At this Grace clasped her hands with a
little sharp cry. She leaned eagerly for-
ward to listen.
"Well, what about him?"
"He is alive!"
"Ah, then you failed to kill him."
"We never wanted to kill him. I fixed
those bonds so he could escape easily when
we left him tied in the camp. You can
thank me for that."
"Very considerate of you!"
"Wall, it's none of my doings. I was
working for another man. To tell the hon-
est truth, I didn't like the job. Now I'm
ready to do you a good turn."
"That shows your good taste."
"Don't give us any sarcasm. Come down
an' I'll tell ye where to find the missing
man."

Frank whistled softly.
"What have you come up into this coun-
try with all those men for, Small?"
"Prospecting."
"It looks like it. There isn't a miner in
the crowd. Every man is a cut-throat.
You can't fool me, Small. Easy, don't get
excited. It will do you no good. I could
destroy you all if I chose. You came up
here to fool me, get hold of the airship by
treachery, and lay claim to all the mines
of the Forsaken Land. Is not that right?"
"No!"
"Pshaw! You know better!"
"The gold fields are buried now."
"I know, but they weren't then. Now, I
know that Percival and Sam Lester are in
this region somewhere."
The villain gasped.
"How do you know that?" he demanded.
"They left Readestown a month before
we sailed, and I suspected then that it was
their purpose to intercept us by coming
here. But nature has balked you of one
purpose in flooding the mines. I am not
so foolish as you may think!"
"So ye decline my friendship?" asked
Small, suddenly.

"I fear that we shall be compelled to," re-
plied Frank, blandly.
"You'll miss it. That's one thing sure;
ye never can find the missing man without
out help."
"I doubt that," replied Frank. "So good-
by, Mr. Small. I wish you luck in your
prospecting, but I fear you are making a
mistake in coming up here so far."
Frank motioned to Larry, who now caused
the airship to rise. As it floated away
over the mountain peaks, the villains hurled
savage curses after it. But Young
Frank only laughed.

"Words cannot hurt," he cried. "Least
of all words of that sort. Well, friends,
now we must find out all about the hermit."
"That is right," cried Jack Haynes. "If
you will put us down into the mouth of
that mountain cave we will try and find
him, Frank."

From their present altitude the voyagers
could look down upon the mountains and
their recesses and a wilder, more desolate
region could hardly be imagined.

What it would be like in winter it was
hard to conceive. If the aged hermit was
really the lost scientist, Harvey Ellis, and
he had lived for so many months in this lo-
cality, it was wonderful what he had found
to subsist upon.

The airship sailed about, while the voy-
agers studied the topography of the region
below.

Finally it was decided to descend at the
foot of some crags not far from where
the hermit had last been seen. Down set-
tled the airship.

And just then Jack Haynes cried:
"Hello! there is another cave!"
This was true. The mouth of another
cavern could be seen under the crags. No
sooner had this discovery been made than
Scipio cried:

"Golly, Marse Frank, dere am another
cavern ober yender!"
The mouth of another cave was seen just
beyond. The place seemed to be literally
honeycombed. The airship was settling
down into a sort of depression among the
peaks.

"One thing is certain," declared Young
Frank, positively. "This is the crater of
an extinct volcano. Probably this moun-
tain is a hollow cave."

"Exactly!" cried Haynes, and the others
were agreed upon this point, even the girls
averaging their opinion the same. Smith
was a very quiet and non-committal fel-
low, but he said:

"There is no doubt of the truth of that."
"In that event," said Young Frank,
"there is no doubt that the hermit makes
his home in this extinct volcano!"
"Just land us, and we will try a bit of ex-
ploration," declared Haynes.

"All right," agreed Young Frank. "We
will land at the mouth of that cave and try
our luck."

So down the airship settled into the cra-
ter. The anchors were thrown out and
all made safe.

The party of explorers now discussed the
next and best move. A party of explora-
tion was quickly made up.

It was planned that Young Frank Reade,
Jack Haynes, Smith and Scipio should go
into the cave. Larry and the two girls
were to remain aboard the airship.

The young Celt was, of course, anxious
enough to go also, but he never kicked
against orders. He good-naturedly said:

"Begorra, naygur, it's your luck this
toime, but it's my turn next."

"Huh!" sniffed Scipio, elevating his nose
with much contempt. "Marse Frank knows
wha' he am doin'. He ain't takin' none but
de bes' men, yo' bet."

Larry, with true Irish pugnacity, sniffed
this bit of an attempt at rallery. He pulled
up his sleeves.

"Bejabbers, mebbe ye'd be afther intimat-
in' that yez are a better man than mesilf,
naygur," he said, as he spat on his hands
and edged up to the coon.

But Scipio was not a bit loath for a ruc-
tion as well. His eyes rolled and his eb-
ony face gleamed with delight.

"Mebbe I would, Irish!"
"Thin yez do?"

"Suah nuff, sah!"
"Begorra, I believe I kin convince yez
the contrary."

"Huh! I don't believe dat!"
"Yez don't, eh?"

"Naw!"
There was a sound like the buff of a club
against a leather cushion, and Scipio's
head rebounded from its contact with Lar-
ry's fist. But the coon only laughed and
cried:

"Hi, dar, yo' kaint hurt nobody! Clar de
track, fo' I se a comin'!"

Then he lowered his head and dove full
into Larry's stomach. The young Irish lad
sat down very hard and breathlessly on
the deck. But he managed to catch Scipio's
heel and trip him.

Then each rolled into the embrace of the
other, and the fun began. It was hard to
say which had the best of the argument,
when Young Frank appeared on the scene
and separated them.

"Look here, you rollicking scamps!" he
cried, severely. "If I catch you at this
thing again, I'll tie your heels together and
drop you into the lake. Understand?"

Scipio turned a handspring into the cab-
in and Larry dove into the pilot house. In
a few moments they were chaffing each other
again, as good friends as ever. But all
was now ready for the expedition.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EXPLORING TOUR.

Thoroughly armed and equipped the lit-
tle party stepped down from the airship's
deck.

They little realized what thrilling adven-
tures were before them. Scipio grinned
jubilantly at Larry. Frank said good-by to
Kate and Grace.

"Larry!" he said, sharply. "I leave the
young ladies in your care, and I want you
to protect them."

"Begorra, Misther Frank, yez kin be
shure av that," cried the jolly Celt. "It's
mesilf as wud die fer the leddys any
toime."

"Larry is a true knight!" laughed Kate.
"We place ourselves in his care with im-
plicit trust," declared Grace.

Larry bowed to the deck.
"I am yez thrue slave," he declared, in
extravagant fashion. Everybody cheered,
and Scipio looked a bit envious. This was
compensation to Larry for being obliged to
remain behind.

There was now no further delay. The
exploring party entered the cavern.

Frank was provided with electric lan-
terns, and these dispelled the gloom of the
underground passage.

It was plain that the cavern was only
one of many which honeycombed the moun-
tain.

Undoubtedly this had once been an active
volcanic region, and internal fires burned
in the mountains, and the valley as well.
All things indicated this.

The explorers pushed on rapidly.
The passage had many windings. At
times the roof would rise and the passage
widen to the dimension of a chamber. But
this was seldom.

For what seemed hours the party pushed
on. Then an incident of thrilling sort oc-
curred. Just as they turned an angle in
the passage a smothered cry brought all to
a stop.

Frank, who was in advance, looked
around.

"What was that?" he asked.
The explorers looked at each other. Then
an astonishing fact became apparent. One
of their number was missing.

Scipio and Frank and Jack Haynes were
there. But Jed Smith had vanished.

"Hello! Where are you, Smith?" shouted
Jack loudly.

There was no reply.
"Has anything happened to him?" asked
Frank. "Has he not been with us right
along?"

"He was at my elbow not a moment
since," declared Jack.

"Golly, Marse Frank! I done remembah
dat mahse!" said Scipio.

The young inventor was alarmed. But
he turned about, saying:

"We must go back and find him. This is
very strange!"

But just as he was about to retrace his
steps, Jack Haynes chanced to glance down-
ward. He instantly grasped Frank's arm
and halted him.

"Jupiter!" he cried. "What a close call!
Look at that!"

At the very feet of the explorers yawned
a deep black hole a little larger than a
man's body. The truth was at once appar-
ent.

Every man had stepped over this hole in
unconscious safety except Smith. The thin
crust of the cavern floor had given way
with him and he had gone—none could say
whither.

To the center of the earth? Perhaps!
At any rate he had fallen into the aper-
ture.

"My soul!" gasped Young Frank. "He
has fallen into a fearful trap."

"Golly!" moaned Scipio. "Dat am too
dreadful awful! Wha' we gwine do, Marse
Frank?"

But the young inventor threw himself
upon his face on the edge of the pit. All
was inky blackness below.

He shot the rays of his electric lantern
as far down into the gloom as possible. But
it could not penetrate to the bottom of the
place.

"Hello! Hello-o-o!" shouted Frank into
the bottomless void.

He drew back from the verge sick and
faint.

"My soul, Jack!" he gasped. "I am
afraid that's the last of poor Smith."

Jack Haynes was very white, but deter-
mined. He threw down a long coil of rope
which he had at his waist.

"He's my partner," he said; "and I'll
never give him up. I want you to lower
me down there!"

"What? You are going down into that
place?" asked Frank.

"That's just what I'm going to do!" de-
clared the brave young miner. "Can the
two of you hold me?"

"Certainly!" agreed Frank. "But—hello!
what is that?"

A faint sound came to the ears of the
explorers. It was like a murmur, but yet
audible and comprehensible.

Instantly Frank threw himself down
again upon the verge of the pit. And now
he saw that a short distance below, its
sheer descent sloped off at an angle mak-
ing a not very steep slide down into the
depths of the hollow mountain.

And on this shelving descent was a star
of light moving slowly. He instantly knew
that it could be nothing but the electric
lantern of Smith.

The young explorer had slid down to the
bottom of the passage and was now climb-
ing back again. He at once answered
Frank's hail.

"Hello, Smith!" shouted the young inven-
tor. "Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit," replied the miner. "Only a
bit surprised, that's all!"

"Wait and we'll throw you a rope!"

"No, you had better come down."
The other explorers were astonished at
this statement.

"What?" cried Frank. "Do you mean
that?"

"Yes!"

"But—why?"

"There's a good reason for it. I've found
the abode of your hermit."

This was an astonishing bit of news. It
is needless to say that Frank and his com-
panions were delighted, however.

"Golly!" cried Scipio. "We jes' done fell
into good luck dat time."

"You mean Jed was the one who fell into
it," laughed Jack. "Look out and I'll let
down the rope!"

The young miner took a turn with one
end of the rope about a rocky crag in the
cavern wall. Then he descended into the
pit. Frank and Scipio followed.

Down the descent they slid until they
reached its base. The light of the lanterns
showed a circular hole in the mountain, a
sort of den as it were. One might have
fancied bears or wolves inhabited such a
place.

But it had a far different inhabitant,
though he was not now present. Rugs
made of skins of wild beasts were scattered
about and hung on the rocky walls. A
heap of soft coal lay in an ash pile, which
showed how the hermit found fuel in an in-
exhaustible quantity.

There was something after a fashion
cosy and comfortable about the place. It
was easy to see how a man could live with-
out privation in such a den.

But as the explorers flashed their lan-
terns about they saw that several passages
led from the place. Suddenly Jack Haynes
gave a sharp cry.

He picked up a voluminous book of the
ledger type. Opening its pages, he saw
that it was filled with clear and legible
handwriting. It seemed to be some sort of
a diary or journal.

And on the very first page he read that
which was a revelation. This was a
name:

"Harvey Ellis!"
"Here we are at last!" cried Jack. "The
missing man is found!"

Smith and Young Frank looked over his
shoulder. A glance was enough.

There was no longer doubt that the her-
mit and Harvey Ellis were one and the
same.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TERRIBLE MISFORTUNE.

Certainly the explorers had good reasons
for feeling elated that they had at last
found Harvey Ellis alive and well, at least
physically if not mentally.

For the strange conduct of the hermit
left no room for doubt that his mind was
clouded.

No doubt the shock of his terrible experi-
ence and hardships had unseated his rea-
son. But there was hope that this might
after all be only a temporary ailment.

So the explorers discussed the subject.
They read some of the entries in the jour-
nal.

Strange to say they were accurate and
logical. On this point at least the her-
mit's mind seemed stable.

"Now, what shall we do?" asked Jack
Haynes. "Ought we not to wait for him to
return?"

"Certainly we must try and communi-
cate with him," agreed Young Frank.

"But hitherto he has seemed very much
averse to holding any sort of communica-
tion with us. He has at once taken to
flight."

"That is no doubt owing to the fact that
his relations with his mining companions
were of a sort to leave an impression on
his mind of an unpleasant kind."

"Very true."

"Yet it is likely that by gentle means we
can win him over. At least that must be
done."

"Certainly! We have come to Alaska to
rescue him, and we must do so!"

Even as they were talking Scipio heard
a rustling sound behind him. The coon
turned and gave a hushed cry.

In the entrance to the cavern chamber
stood a picturesque figure. Tall and com-
manding, with white hair and beard, the
wild man of the Forsaken Land stood be-
fore them.

It was a tableau.

There stood the missing man whose fate
had for so long remained a mystery.

He seemed to be in a sort of daze, and re-
garded his visitors in a dull and stupid
way. He did not show fear or an inclina-
tion to flee.

Young Frank Reade was the first to re-
cover. He saw at once that it was neces-
sary to act with care and judgment. So
he motioned his companions.

"Keep still!" he said in a low tone.
"Leave this matter to me!"

Very quietly the young inventor made a
step forward toward the hermit. For a
moment the latter wavered.

Then Young Frank spoke in soft, low
tones:

"You are with friends. Have no fear,
Mr. Ellis."

"Er—what?" exclaimed the hermit, in a
hollow voice. "Who speaks my name?"
"A friend," said Frank, quietly.

"Ah, it was a fearful night," said the hermit, in a rambling way. "The wind blew a thousand furies. The river swelled its banks, and I saw his white face in the water. I can see it now. See—there! there!"

He pointed to the floor, overcome with the fancy of his disordered vision. Frank waited judiciously.

The maniac ran his fingers through his hair, muttered and laughed in a wild way. Then he finally grew quiet again. There was a milder light in his eyes as he rested them on Frank.

Then he smiled in a sad, distant way, and placed a hand on the young inventor's arm.

"Can you tell me about her?" he asked. "I saw her face in the sky. She looked down upon me. Don't you know who she is?"

Frank gave a start.

There was certainly connection in this speech. Was not the hermit referring to the face of his daughter and of the time she looked down upon him from the deck of the air-ship?

This was possible.

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Frank, very quietly.

"Don't you know her? Everybody loves her. It is my Grace!"

"Yes," said the young inventor, softly. "I know her. I can take you to her. She is very near!"

In an instant the hermit was as gentle and pliant as a child.

"Oh, you are my friend," he whispered. "Take me to my child, to Grace, and you shall be blessed!"

"Come," said Frank. "Come with me!" He led the way to the shaft down which they had descended. The others followed slowly.

Frank and the hermit climbed up steadily until they reached the rope. The young inventor went up this. To his surprise the aged man followed him nimbly.

Then the others followed. All now stood in the upper cavern. It was but a short distance to the outlet.

Frank took the hermit's hand and led him on.

Through the cavern they went. Every moment they drew nearer the crater. Soon the gleam of daylight was seen.

Young Frank knew that if he could but reach the air-ship and Grace, all would be won. That was all that would be necessary.

But just then they reached the mouth of the cavern. They looked down into the crater.

An astounding spectacle rewarded their gaze. There was the air-ship, but the decks were thronged with armed men. One glance was enough to tell them all the horrible truth.

The men in possession of the air-ship's deck were no others than the outlaws under Hankley Small and Jake Hynes. They were in absolute control of the Polar Star.

Nothing was to be seen of Larry or the girls.

For a moment our explorers were too overcome with horror to act. Then Young Frank groaned.

"Oh, my soul! All is up, and we are ruined. What shall we do?"

It was an awful realization. Too late Young Frank now saw his mistake in leaving the air-ship on the surface, even in the care of Larry.

It was plain that in some manner the villains had managed to outwit the young Celt. Just how, though, it was not easy to see.

However, something must be done, and that at once.

"Even at the cost of our lives, we must try to regain the air-ship!" cried Young Frank. "Come on, boys! Now or never!"

The young inventor with fearlessness and determination started for the entrance of the cave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Happy Days" is bound to keep in the lead. It does more for its readers than any other story paper.

(This story commenced in No. 261.)

Doctor Dick:

OR,

Ten Weeks on Lunatic Island.

By J. G. BRADLEY,
Author of "Captain Thunder," "Sinbad the Second," "The Hero of the Maine," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

DICK CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE SUBMARINE RAM.

As soon as Doctor Dick had succeeded in getting the lunatics quiet again, he went over to a tree, where he saw Lem and Ned standing.

"I've told King Flappy-Doo all about our catching the imps and losing them, but he does not seem to mind about that, now that the pirate is dead," he said to them.

"Well, I do feel mighty bad about it," said Ned. "They were funny little fellows, and I would like to have kept them. I wonder if they have taken the barge," he exclaimed suddenly. "I'll go back and look, for we may need that for ourselves some day or other."

"They hadn't taken it when I left there," was Doctor Dick's answer. "They were swimming for dear life right straight around the point of the island."

"Well, they can't go without a boat, even if they are half fish," said Ned, laughing. "They'll probably come back after their boat when they think we have gone away, and the coast is clear. Then again, the little chaps will get uneasy about the pirate. They're bound to come back. I'm going to watch for them until morning."

"Well, it's pretty near that now," said Dick, glancing at his watch. "It's half past three, and I am tired and sleepy."

"You lie down for a while. Ned and I will stand guard," said Lem. "It will be time enough to bury the pirate some time to-morrow."

"I want King Flappy-Doo to see him so that he will be perfectly easy in his mind," said Dick. "I want him to be sure that it is really the pirate."

"What did he look like?" asked Ned, who was very wide awake, and excited.

"Oh, just like the others, only bigger," said Dick, "and his nose was flatter."

"Did he have only one eye, as the King said?" asked Lem.

"He had two eyes, but they were no bigger than beads, but there was a big daub of red paint right in the middle of his forehead that might have looked like an eye at a little distance. I looked him over carefully after I shot him; you see, I wanted to be sure that he was really dead, so we could feel easy about him."

"So it was a lead pill after all that did the work," laughed Ned. "There's no getting out of it, Dick, you are a wonderful doctor!"

"If I had only finished the imps," said Dick, with a sigh. "Somehow, I fancy that we will have trouble from those little fellows."

"I expect they are all drowned by this time," said Ned. "They are if they did not come back after the barge."

"Or have another boat waiting for them," added the sailor, thoughtfully.

"By Jove! that's so! I never thought of that!" cried Dick. "The Submarine Ram may be waiting at a little distance."

"Of course it must be! How stupid of us not to think of that before. The Pirate merely came ashore in his barge like any other high and mighty commander. I'm going to look for his steamer at once," cried Ned, springing to his feet and starting off.

"Wait a minute, and I'll go with you," said Lem, as he ran over to the spring. "Just let me get a drink of water. I'm wonderfully thirsty."

"I'll stay here for a while, and see that there is no trouble in the camp. You can whistle three times if you want me, but I guess you can handle those little fellows," said Dick.

"If they haven't found the bows and arrows that we threw over in the bushes we can handle them all right," said Lem. "But I hope they haven't taken the barge, for if they have they've escaped us."

Dick threw himself down on the ground as soon as the boys were gone. There was some jabbering going on in the shanties, so he knew that all of his patients were not sleeping.

He fell off in a doze after a while, and did not wake until daybreak, then he got up and stretched himself and went over and looked in his shanty.

"The gold and the jewel case are there all right," he said to himself; "but I wonder what has become of Ned and the sailor?"

Then he suddenly became possessed with a desire to look at the necklace, so he tried the cover of the box and found it would open.

"Whew! Diamonds and rubies worth a king's ransom!" he cried. "Now, where in the mischief did the Pirate get it?"

It was a magnificent necklace, worth a great many hundred thousand dollars, and it dazzled Dick's eyes so that he could hardly look at it.

He put it back in the box and threw a lot of leaves over it and then covered the bags of gold the same way, so that the lunatics would not notice them.

When he came out of the shanty he saw King Flappy-Doo coming.

"Good morning, your Highness! I hope you feel happy and at ease now that the Pirate is dead," he said promptly going forward to meet him.

"Doctor Dick is a wonderful man," said the King, very solemnly. "He quiets the children with a look from his eye and now he has killed the monster who was their enemy."

"Oh, I'm a great fellow, I am," laughed Dick, good-naturedly; "but between you and me, King Flappy, I am awfully hungry."

King Flappy-Doo did not wait to call the chief of the settlement, but went at once and brought Dick a cold bird and made him some hot coffee.

Dick bathed himself at the spring, brushed up as well as he could, and just then remembered that he had left his only jacket

over by the big rock, and that he had better go and find it, for he might never have another.

"I was so tired and hot last night that I did not think about it," he said to the King when he brought the coffee. "Just as soon as my assistants come back you and I will go and look for it, and bury the Pirate's body."

In an instant the old fellow's face became very solemn.

"No, no, don't leave him on the island!" he cried. "He would come to life. I am sure of it, Doctor!"

"Well, what will we do with him, then; tie a stone to him and sink him in the sea?"

The old fellow shook his head to this suggestion.

"He wouldn't drown; he is half fish," he said, excitedly. "Burn him with fire! Burn him, Doctor. That is the only way to get rid of him!"

"All right," said Dick; "we'll burn the rascal then, but I'm afraid that it will be a difficult matter."

Just then Lem and Ned came striding through the bushes, each with something under his arm that was kicking and squirming.

"Gee whiz! If they haven't caught a couple of the imps," cried Dick. "Now, see here, King Flappy-Doo, don't you let out a single yell. I depend upon you to keep the others quiet."

The old fellow trembled, but he did not make a sound. Dick had glared at him so sternly that he did not dare to.

"Bring them over here, and shut them up in our shanty, but keep their hands tied behind them until they get tamer," he ordered.

"And we'll have to tie them at some distance apart or they will gnaw each other loose," replied Lem, laughing.

They took the imps to the shanty and tied them securely, while King Flappy-Doo was making a tour of the shanties and telling the lunatics to keep quiet and get breakfast.

"Were these two all you could find?" asked Dick, when the little fellows were taken care of.

"Yes, they came back to look for the Pirate about half an hour ago, and we captured them as they were trying to float the barge. You see, the tide has gone out and the two of them couldn't budge the boat, so while they were struggling with it we crept up and grabbed them."

"And how they did scratch and bite!" said Ned. "Just look at my arm; there's hardly any skin left on it."

"King Flappy-Doo has got some herb that he stewed that will take the sores out, but tell me, did you find the body of the Pirate?"

"Yes, and we hid it in the bushes, very carefully," said Lem, "and here's your jacket. I had to use it to smother one of those little biters."

The breakfast was soon ready, and as all of the lunatics were remarkably quiet, the boys sat down and ate in great comfort.

Then Ned and Lem slept for a couple of hours, after which Dick took Hercules and King Flappy-Doo with him and started off to get rid of the Pirate's body.

After a great deal of argument, King Flappy-Doo consented to let it be buried, but he insisted on putting a very heavy stone on the grave to keep the Pirate from crawling out and prowling around the island.

After that job was done, Dick examined the big rock and saw that it rested in such a way that by pushing it in the right place it could be made to tip from one side to the other.

In reality the weight of the rock was not lifted a bit, but it just tetered back and forth, opening and shutting the entrance to the underground passage.

He pushed it over and closed up the hole and was just starting back to the settlement when King Flappy-Doo called him.

"Look, Doctor Dick! A great fish in the water! Come quick!" and he turned and ran toward the shanties, yelling like fury.

Dick stood and looked at the thing in the water in perfect amazement.

What he first saw was a great commotion in the water, then something that looked like a monstrous bubble rose slowly and lay on the surface of the water. Then the bubble slowly rose higher and higher until a perfectly round tower topped with thick, clear glass could be plainly seen a foot above the surface.

By this time Hercules had darted off after the King, and Dick was standing alone staring at the peculiar object.

In another second he had scrambled upon the rock and saw the curious outlines of a strange monstrous craft rise to its full length, and then plunge headlong back into the mighty ocean.

Dick caught his breath and then let out a yell.

"It's the Pirate's steamer; the Submarine Ram!" he cried. "She is looking for the barge that was to bring back her captain!"

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK PLANS THEIR ESCAPE.

As quick as the Submarine Ram disappeared under the water Dick ran back to the settlement as fast as he could go.

He found the whole colony of lunatics in an uproar, and Lem and Ned were having their hands full trying to quiet them.

"King Flappy-Doo has gone clean off!" yelled Ned, who had "the Baby" by the ear and was scolding him rigorously. "You'd better look after him quick, Dick. I think his case is the worst of all!"

Dick looked around for the King, but could not see him for a minute, but he saw that Lem was having a fearful struggle with Hercules, so he pitched in and helped him.

"I won't wait to administer powders or pills this time, I guess. A little muscle seems to be needed here, and needed very badly," he said to himself, as he caught one of the lunatic's arms and pinioned it behind him.

Lem had the other, so they walked him over to the shanty, and after five minutes of head shaking and scolding, got him to go into it with some degree of mildness.

The Chancellor was having a pitched battle with a lunatic about his own size, so Dick let them fight it out, while he went in search of the King.

When he found him he hardly recognized the monarch of Lunatic Island.

He had lost all his feathers and pretty nearly all his leaves, and his face was black with dirt, where one of his subjects had been rolling him over and over on the ground.

Dick could not help laughing when he tackled the old fellow, but the King was so completely addled that he hardly knew what was happening.

Dick had a lively tussle with him before he got him into his shanty, and by that time Ned and Lem had succeeded in quieting the others and sending them about their business.

"Now I'll take a look and see if the imps have eaten up the necklace," said Dick, "and then I'll tell you what I have just seen that sent the old King off the handle."

He opened the door of the shanty and found the imps all right, and then went over and stood under a tree where he could keep his eye on the lunatics all the time he was talking. Lem and Ned joined him, each with an eye on the most suspicious quarter, and then Dick told them about seeing the Submarine Ram that had come so near the shore to look for the Pirate.

"First I saw the conning tower; it looked exactly like a big bubble as it came up out of the water, then the whole boat came slowly to the surface, and I tell you she's a corker!"

"What does she look like?" asked Ned, in breathless interest.

"Well, she's shaped like a cigar, with one very sharp end, if I'm any judge," was the answer. "A little smaller at each end than she is in the middle, and then there's a propeller at one end that looks like the propeller of a torpedo. I should judge she might shoot through the water like an arrow. Of course the smaller end of the boat is fitted with a ram, and it's a vicious-looking thing; looks as if it might split a steamer clear open."

"That's what it's done many times, if the stories I've heard are true," said Lem; "but who do you suppose is running the thing? Did you see a sign of anybody on her?"

"Not a sign," said Dick, "and that's what made it look so awful. It was more like some great beast than a mere iron vessel."

"I saw the Katahdin during the war with Spain," said Ned, "and she was enough to give anyone the cold shivers. If the Pirate's craft looks any more uncanny than that I don't wonder that the loons were scared and created a panic."

"Well, I want to take a sail on that boat very soon now," said Dick, calmly, "and we've got to get our heads together and plan how we can do it."

"I don't believe it can be done," said Lem soberly. "She's bound to be manned by a lot of imps, or perhaps a lot of critters of the same breed as the Pirate. Of course they are all armed with spears and would never let us come aboard, even if they let us come within hailing distance."

"And what in thunder would we do if we all got aboard of her?" asked Ned. "We've got no compass and no charts, and we don't know how to steer her."

"The compass and charts are probably aboard of her," said Dick, "and so is the engineer, too, for that matter. All we want to do is to get in the track of an ocean steamer, and wave our flag of distress. I don't mean to stay under water a minute or do any swimming."

"Of course not; we're not pirates," was Ned's prompt answer. "But the thing is impossible! We can never get aboard of her!"

"I'll try to mighty hard before I give up the idea entirely," said Dick stoutly. "I mean to think up some scheme of getting those fellows to come near the island again, and then I'll bribe them to take me on, even if I have to give up the necklace."

"I'll tell you what would do it! We'll hold those two imps for ransom! I'm sure they'll let us come aboard if we promise to restore their long lost brothers!" cried Ned enthusiastically.

Then the thing to do is to tie the two imps down near the shore and let them squeal like blazes, so that the crew of the boat will hear them; then when the Ram comes near enough, we'll put the imps in

the barge and row out to meet them and take chances of their spearing us."

"We can use the Imps for shields if it is necessary," said Lem. "They won't shoot arrows at us if we are behind their comrades."

"And we'll take the gold and jewels with us to use as bribes in case it is necessary," continued Dick. "But now the question is, what will we do with the lunatics?"

"That's a serious problem," said Ned, very soberly.

"They've been here thirty years already. They are used to it now, so what's the use of their leaving?" asked Lem, rather sarcastically.

"Oh, that wouldn't be right! I couldn't do it!" cried Dick. "I feel as if we ought to save them from dying on the island if it is possible to do so."

"But not if it is going to jeopardize our own safety," said Lem, growing a little angry.

"That don't make any difference," said Dick, stoutly. "It is our duty to try and save them."

"And all drown or be murdered together, when, if we went by ourselves and left the lunatics here the chances are we'd all live to a good old age. I don't agree with you!" said Lem, bitterly.

"The Doctor is right, Lem, and you know it," said Ned, looking at him steadily. "We would be cowards to take a chance of escaping from the island ourselves and leaving these poor fellows to grow crazier and crazier every day, and finally end their days by killing each other."

"Oh, well, have it your own way, of course," said the sailor, "but I'm telling you right now that we'll never get away from this place if we wait until we can take the lunatics with us."

"Then I for one will stay here!" declared Dick bravely. "For, to tell the truth, I am really fond of the old fellows, and if I ever left them here I should never be happy."

Lem walked away muttering, but the boys knew he would soon get over it. He was a good-hearted fellow, but a trifle more worldly than they were.

"I'll go aboard of that Submarine Ram or bust!" said Dick, laughing. "The fever has got into me and I can't get rid of it."

"And I'll stand by and obey your orders, whatever they are," said Ned, stoutly, "for I consider that your judgment is the best to be had on this island."

"Which isn't saying much," laughed Dick, as he put his arm over his friend's shoulder affectionately. "But you can depend upon it, Ned, I won't get you into trouble without being there with you."

"Then the trouble won't worry me much," said Ned, smiling, "but speaking of trouble, old chap, may I ask what you think is going on just at present over in the shanty, where the Imps and jewels are quartered?"

"Oh, they are only arguing with each other, I guess," said Dick, as he listened. "I hope they'll squeal like that when we take them down to the shore, and are ready to make a dicker with the Submarine's present commander."

"When shall you make the attempt to board her, Dick?" asked Ned.

"Just as soon as I can get the lunatics in proper shape, and our valuables all ready to leave the island."

"And you really think it is the best thing to do?" asked Ned, who was feeling just a trifle nervous.

"See here, Ned," said Dick soberly, "we might stay here forever and no steamer would ever see us or come to our rescue. Now if we could once get out to sea in a trustworthy boat we could put ourselves in the way of the first steamer that came along and then they would have to help us, there would be no excuse for their not doing so. It's the only way I know of getting away from the island or of ever getting back to civilization. I like picnics all right, but this one is a little too serious. I never was over well stocked with brains, but I think I was born to be something different than a native of Lunatic Island. The plan may fall through completely, of course, but it's the thing to do, even if it's not successful."

"I guess you are right," said Ned very slowly, "and I'll do what I can to make ready for the venture. I confess that a sail on that submarine boat will be something of a novelty, and perhaps we can make it a success as well if we keep both our wits and our pistols handy."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VISIT FROM A FLAPPY-DOO.

The days went by with all of the lunatics so excited that Dick could not possibly put his plans of escape into execution.

One evening when things were fairly quiet in the settlement he sat down with Lem and Ned under a tree to talk over the situation.

"I've seen the Ram three times now, and you two have each seen her once, so there's no doubt but what she is still hanging around looking for the Pirate, and yet we can't take advantage of the fact to get aboard of her just because our friends are so rambunctious," he began rather sorrowfully.

"I never believed that King Flappy

would get so completely rattled as he has," said Ned. "Why, I believe he's the craziest loon to-day on Lunatic Island."

"Yes, and the bother of it is that the High Chancellor is about as bad. They missed connections this time in taking their tantrums and made it mighty bad for us by both going off the handle together."

"The 'Baby' is a perfect terror and 'Limpy' is so vicious that I hate to go near him. Oh, they are mighty good company," said the sailor, chuckling. "I don't blame you for insisting on taking them with us."

"Don't get cross now, Lem," said Dick. "You know we can't leave them, and besides this delay has made us richer by several thousand dollars. That last trip through the underground passage was a profitable one, wasn't it? How the Pirate must have chuckled when he stowed away all that money."

"We've been through that coral alley three times now," said Ned, "and the three trips have netted us nearly two million dollars in gold besides the necklace and the diamond or what we call the tiara. That ain't so bad for a six weeks' vacation. Now, if we can only get away safely we'll be right in clover."

"The jewels are worth a million more, easy," said Lem, "and then we've got those stones that we found the day after we got here."

"When we robbed the Flappy-Doos' nest," laughed Dick. "By the way, I wonder when one of those birds is due to visit the island? If only Flappy was in shape he might be able to tell us, he could tell most anything by counting his feathers."

"Oh, the bird is bound to come some time; everything else has," said Lem, scowling; "at least everything has come that could make us trouble."

"Jocko came first, and what a beast he was," cried Ned. "Why, I measured him before I buried him, and he was five feet ten inches."

"Well, I wish the Six Little Tailors from the Bowerly would come next," said Dick, looking down at his trousers. They were almost in ribbons, and his jacket was not much better.

"We are sights, all right, but there's no one to see us. I wonder how we'll look in leaves and feathers," said the sailor.

"That razor of yours is pretty dull, Lem," said Ned, with a laugh. "And my beard is growing an inch a day. I expect it's the warm weather out here that has set it to sprouting."

Lem smiled as he glanced at Ned's first crop of blonde hair. It certainly was looking remarkably healthy.

"Mine is getting pretty prominent, too," said Dick. "If I had seen it three months ago I should have been as proud as Lucifer."

"Yes, and you'd have had a barber to shave you and a sharp razor," laughed Lem. "Well, no wonder mine is dull; just see how many I have shaved with it."

"I guess we'll have to let the lunatics wear their Santa Claus beards again, and keep the razor for ourselves," said Dick, after a minute.

Just then a little monkey began chattering in a tree, and Ned threw a stick at it that landed on the roof of the shanty where the Imps were imprisoned.

In an instant they started in yelling like hyenas, and the Chancellor stuck his head out of his door and shook his fist in their direction.

"The Imps are in good voice to-night, as usual," laughed Dick. "Isn't it funny how the lunatics hate those two little creatures?"

"I wonder if they would calm down any if we were to take them away," said Lem. "They have been as cross as sticks ever since we put the Imps in Jumbo's shanty."

"I would not have moved them over there if I had not been afraid that they would get loose and chew up the necklace," said Dick, "but I guess your plan is a good one. We'll try moving them again to-morrow, and see what effect it will have."

"I'm going to sleep for a while," said Ned, rolling over on the grass.

"So am I," said Dick, promptly. "That is, if you'll look after things a little," he said to the sailor.

"I'll patrol the place and keep my eye on the lunatics," said Lem.

"Well, wake me at one—that's all the sleep I want," said Dick, rolling over.

Lem patrolled the premises, but found everything fairly quiet. At two o'clock in the morning Dick woke up and relieved him, and Lem lay down and went to sleep with his usual promptness.

Dick was sitting on a big stone in a commanding position when he heard a sudden noise of wings flapping up above him.

He looked up quickly and saw a monstrous bird as big as the largest variety of eagle.

It did not squawk or make any sound, except with its wings, and they only made a loud fluttering for two or three minutes.

In that brief space of time it had come and gone, and Dick saw a cluster of feathers come floating down just in front of him.

He jumped up and grabbed them, and held them up to the light.

"A Flappy-Doo, by Jove!" he whispered, delightedly.

Then he took off his cap and stuck the feathers in it. He could see in the moonlight that they were beautiful colors.

Just then he was astonished to see King Flappy-Doo standing within a few feet of him. He had stolen out of his shanty so still that Dick had not even heard him.

"Did you see it?" whispered the King. "I did, and it was lovely! Oh, a Flappy-Doo is a fine bird—a fine bird, isn't it, Doctor?"

Dick looked at him sharply, and was astonished at the change. He had gone to bed as crazy as a bedbug, and woke up at two o'clock nearly as sane as ever.

"Yes, I saw him, and he was lovely. See, here are some feathers that he dropped," he said, showing the old fellow his cap.

The King touched the feathers reverently, as if they were sacred.

"There will be better times on Lunatic Island now," he whispered. "The Flappy-Doo always leaves peace behind it."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, I'm sure," said Dick promptly, "for things haven't been quite as peaceful around here lately as I should like to have them."

"When is the Doctor going to let the little people loose?" asked the King.

He seemed strangely interested as he waited for Dick's answer.

Dick thought the time had come to tell the King of his plans, so he made him sit down beside him before he answered. Then he told him about the Ram, and how he wanted to get them all on board and put out to sea in search of a steamer.

The old fellow listened and seemed to understand every word. When Dick finished speaking he nodded his head approvingly.

"Don't you think it can be done?" asked Dick again. "You will help me keep peace and order, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," cried the King, quickly. "I will get a bigger club! But the Doctor has got more medicine, hasn't he?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, any quantity," said Dick, "and I'll use it, too, for I am determined that we shall all escape from this lonesome island."

"Then that is settled," said the King, as he started back toward his shanty.

"Don't say a word to them until I tell you," called Dick after him softly. "To-morrow we will dose them and make them quiet before we tell them."

After the King had disappeared in his door Dick pulled out his note-book. He had written it nearly full, but there was just room for another entry.

"I'll state the day of our departure from Lunatic Island in this book, when we leave, if we ever do," he muttered; "but Heaven only knows whether we'll ever see land again, and oh, won't it be awful if we die in a submarine boat in company with a lot of Imps, lunatics and pirates!"

The thought was so horrible that it made Dick shudder, and he was glad when it was morning, and the lunatics were stirring.

After breakfast Dick packed the gold and the jewels as carefully as he could, and then he and the King got all the lunatics together.

"Now, you take the Imps and go down to the shore," he said to Lem, "and make them yell like blazes, if they see the Ram, and Ned and I will bring the treasures and the lunatics when we hear you whistle. Of course I'll go out to the Ram first in the barge, taking one of the Imps along with me, and after I have made my deal with them, it will all be plain sailing. Two of us will row and we can take seven at a trip and as there are exactly fourteen, not counting Ned and myself, two trips of the boat will exactly do it."

"All right," said Lem; "I'll agree to most all of that, but I'm thinking that either Ned or I will make that first trip, if you don't mind. We are proof against spears and poisoned arrows."

"You bet we are," cried Ned; "but we'll use an Imp for a shield. It'll be time enough for you to come out when your patients need your company."

"We'll see about all that after we have sighted the Ram," said Dick, laughing. "We may have to make a dozen trips to the water before she ever comes to the surface."

Lem went over to the shanty and got the Imps, who had been well fed and were strong and hearty.

They set up a squealing as soon as they were out, and Lem encouraged them to yell louder by poking them a little, for he wished the lookout on the Submarine boat to hear them and come to the rescue.

Ned followed behind Lem, carrying a lot of the gold, while Hercules lugged along the jewel casket just as meek as Moses.

"Now, we'll wait until they see the Ram, and whistle for us to come," said Dick to the King, "and then if we are in luck we'll leave Lunatic Island forever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you are not wearing a Dewey Medal you are not in the swim. See 16th page.

A miner was buried at Tong, near Leeds, England, the other day at the age of sixty-seven in a coffin constructed to his own specification twenty years ago. He was buried with a lump of coal, which he had carefully preserved for years. It served as his pillow, and his tobacco and pipe also found a place beside him.

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

"333"

OR,

The Boy Without a Name.

By GASTON GARNE,

Author of "His Last Chance," "Holding His Own," "Enchanted Mountain," "The Boy Cliff Climbers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

333 AND THE DEFAULTING CASHIER.

Of course 333 was a good swimmer—there are few New York boys of his class who are not.

Take a country boy and pitch him into New York bay with night coming on, and he would die of fright, but 333 learned to swim off the piers and he had no idea whatever of drowning.

His first thought when he came to the surface was naturally to get back on board the tug, but upon looking around he saw that this was not going to be so easy, for the Tormentor had suddenly turned and was steaming off in the direction of the Bay Ridge shore, and there was another tug right ahead.

The captain and the detective were shouting to the people on the other tug. 333 had observed this tug close alongside of them as he and Mr. Rodman left the steamer, but he had not given it much thought until now.

"Thunder! They are going off and leaving me!" thought the boy. "I don't like this for a cent!"

The distance between him and the stern of the Tormentor was not more than twenty feet, but it was increasing every instant.

Meanwhile the big steamer had started on its way, and it began to look very much as if 333 was going to be left in the lurch.

Night was coming on, and what was worse, a fog was sweeping up the bay. It was a very serious situation indeed.

333 swam out with a bold overhand stroke, shouting with all his might, but neither the detective nor the captain paid the least attention to him.

Perhaps they did not hear him, for the steamer's whistle was blowing at that time and the detective was yelling for the other tug to stop.

"We want that man! I order you to stop and deliver him up to us in the name of the law!" he shouted out.

"Go to blazes!" yelled the captain of the other tug, and then, as the Tormentor was almost upon him, he suddenly drove his helm hard-a-port, and swinging round, crossed her bows.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" bawled the detective. "Fire if you dare!" was the answer.

The detective drew a revolver and fired at the pilot house.

There was a crash of glass, and then the captain leaned out of the window and discharged a revolver full at the detective's head.

All this 333 saw, and then he saw the detective drop on the deck, and the other tug came up alongside of him.

It would have run the boy down to a certainty if he had not been wide awake and seized one of the gaskets, holding on for dear life.

There was more shouting and yelling, but the messenger boy scarcely heard the cries.

He climbed up, tumbled over the rail, crawled astern and dropped down behind a big hawser, where he lay panting for breath, while the tug, whose name he now knew to be the J. S. Peters, having seen it on her stern, made one or two further erratic turns, dodging the Tormentor, and then went steaming across the bay toward the Long Island shore.

Very likely there would have been further trouble but for the fog.

It struck them just in time and enveloped both tugs, and after a moment or two the Tormentor was seen no more, although her hoarse whistle could be heard close behind.

Where was Mr. Rodman? 333 could only guess, for he had not seen the man since he sprang into the water, but if anybody had asked him what his guess was, he would have said emphatically that the man was hidden on board the Peters at that very moment.

Perhaps 333 would have shown himself boldly and started to look the man up, but for something which now occurred.

Suddenly the door of the cabin opened and a man came out and walked astern, stopping for a moment to look back into the fog.

333 crouched lower behind the hawser. This man was none other than "Garry," the crook, whom he had run against in the mysterious house up town, now more than a year ago.

The messenger boy held his breath and watched him.

"There's crooked work wherever that man is around, that's one thing sure," he

thought. "I wonder if he'd know me? I'd like to bet he would. It won't pay me to show myself now."

"Hello, Captain Jim!" cried Garry, suddenly turning and looking up.

"Hello!" came the answer from the pilot house.

"We seem to have given them the slip. They are going off in the other direction now."

"That's what's the matter. How's the old man?"

"Quiet down. Who was right now? Didn't it pay us to follow the steamer?"

"I don't know whether it will pay me or not," growled the captain. "If I've killed that detective I'm in a peck of trouble. I was a blame fool to fire at him the way I did."

"Now, look here, Cap, this is a dead open and shut deal; a matter of dollars and cents. Stand by me to-night, and I'll stand by you—see?"

"I hear," growled Captain Jim. "We'll see later on. What do you want me to do?"

"I can't tell you now. We've got to make 96th street first."

"Hain't he told you nothing?"

"Not yet. I'll go at him again in a minute."

"Did he have the money with him? Is it with his baggage on board the other tug?"

"Not on your life! I knew that much or I shouldn't be in it. Get across now and I'll have a further talk with him presently; meanwhile I'm going to hold the watch here, to see if we are being followed or not."

"Go and have your talk with him now. Trust me for that."

"I trust nobody—there's too much at stake. Attend to your wheel, that's all you've got to do."

Thus saying Garry walked still further aft and stood smoking his cigar and looking off into the fog.

"This is my time to do something," thought 333. "I think I can size this thing up pretty well. There's a big reward to be had here and I don't know why I should not earn it as well as the detectives—if I can."

What did the messenger boy mean? What did he know?

Well, he knew, for one thing, that Mr. Rodman was not at all what he pretended to be, but a man disguised, and all sorts of odd thoughts were floating through his mind besides, as he crept out from behind the hawser and made his way forward on his hands and knees.

There seemed to be nobody on board the tug but Captain Jim, Garry and the engineer, except, of course, the "prisoner" alluded to, and 333 himself.

When the messenger boy got to the cabin door he softly tried it, and finding it unlocked, glided in as noiselessly as a ghost. "Hush!" he whispered, holding up his finger. "Don't say a word! I'm your friend!"

There sat Mr. Rodman, a sorry-looking object, tied to a chair.

As he sat there staring at the messenger boy under the swinging lantern, he looked as badly scared a man as 333 had ever seen.

"You here!" he gasped. "You!"

"Yes, sir," replied 333, meekly. "I'm here, and I'm here to help you. I know you, mister. You are Mr. Mellen, who ran away from the Twentieth National Bank."

The man started. His pale face turned paler still.

"Help me, bub!" he breathed, hoarsely.

"I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. I escaped the detectives, but I've fallen into the power of as big a scoundrel as ever walked. Boy, you are sharp. Get me off this tug and I'll give you five thousand dollars—five thousand dollars all for yourself—do you hear?"

"The reward is ten thousand," replied 333, coolly.

"You shall have it! Only get me out of this man's hands."

"Hush! He's coming," breathed the messenger boy, for Garry's step was heard at the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE TUG.

333 came about as near being caught just then as ever a boy did, but he escaped the danger for the moment by dropping behind the chair in which the prisoner sat.

Instantly the door opened and Garry entered.

He closed the door after him and stood before Mr. Mellen—we may as well call the defaulter by his true name—with an evil smile upon his face.

"Well, it's all right," he said. "We have given the detective the slip."

"Yes?" replied the cashier, nervously.

"Yes. You don't seem to be a bit glad."

"What difference does it make to me?"

"Do you want to be arrested?"

"I might as well be as to be here in your hands."

"Not at all. I'm your friend."

"A fine friend!"

"Oh, that's all right. You would get yourself into trouble and now—"

"Whose doings is it? Who tempted me? Who tried to blackmail me? Who—"

"There, there! Keep cool, Mellen. You've

got no friend on earth but me to-night, that's one thing sure. Listen; you can make it for my interest to befriend you and for your own sake you must do it. Think of your standing in society. Think of years of state prison staring you in the face. Think—"

"That will do. I've thought of it all."

"No you haven't. You have forgotten that you are the heir to millions."

The cashier stamped his foot hard on the floor.

"That's where my trouble began!" he cried, bitterly. "If I had never committed that first crime I never should have been in your power. As for the millions you speak of, they can never be mine now."

333, crouching behind the chair, heard every word, and it is hardly necessary to say that he wondered what it was all about.

"I've a great mind to knock you on the head, tumble you overboard and take up with the bag," continued Garry, "but I won't do it, out of regard for you. Tell me where you buried the money and I'll guarantee to put you on board a South American steamer. You won't have to stay away long. I shall soon have it in my power to call you back, for just as soon as the bank people learn what's coming to you they'll be only too glad to compromise—see?"

Mr. Mellen only groaned.

"Will you tell me where you buried the money," persisted Garry. "Was it somewhere about the old house down at Bay Ridge?"

"I don't know why I should tell you," muttered the cashier. "I don't believe a word you say. I don't believe you can help me to square things with my uncle or with the bank, either. I believe you'd sell me out for a shilling if it served your purpose. I wish I had never listened to you. I wish I'd gone straight to my uncle and owned the truth."

"If wishes were horses beggars might ride," chuckled Garry. "It's all right now, Mellen. You can't escape me. No power on earth can save you from my hands!"

Probably Garry in this moment of triumph thought he was telling the truth, but there was someone in the cabin of the Peters just then who thought differently, and that someone was our messenger boy, 333.

333 always had a scheme on hand, and he had one now.

"If I could only get hold of that bank money," he thought. "I can do it, and I'm going to try for it if I die for it, so here goes!"

There's nothing like pluck.

333 had lots of it. Besides this he felt sorry for Mr. Mellen. He couldn't help it. Many a time he had run errands for the man, and many a tip he had received from him.

As Garry spoke these last words the messenger boy seized him by both legs and pulled his feet out from under him.

It was done like lightning, and Garry went down on his face, striking his forehead a fearful blow.

"Good heavens! you've killed him!" Mr. Mellen gasped.

Garry just lay there and never moved.

"If I have killed him I can't help it!" breathed the boy, springing to his feet.

"You stick to me, Mr. Mellen. We may not make a go of it, but I'm going to try almighty hard."

He whipped out his knife and cut the cashier free.

Then he slipped out of the door with Mr. Mellen close to his heels.

"There's a boat astern," he whispered, "and there's a pair of oars in it. That's the way I'm going. If you've got nerve enough to risk it, come along!"

Fortunately Captain Jim was minding his steering now, and never looked behind him, for 333 made no effort to hide himself.

He crept to the stern of the tug, seized the rope and drew the boat close in.

It was bobbing about on the waves in the most uncomfortable fashion, but Mr. Mellen managed to drop into it.

333 lost no time in following him.

For a moment they clung to the tug, then the messenger boy's knife did the business, and the Peters went shooting off into the darkness and fog, leaving the boat behind.

"Thank heavens!" gasped the cashier.

"Boy, you have saved me. Who are you? What's your name?"

"Haven't got any name," replied our hero, taking up the oars and beginning to row. "I'm only 333."

CHAPTER IX.

TREASURE HUNTING ON THE SHORE.

"333! Seems to me I ought to know you," said the cashier. "Didn't you used to answer my calls at the bank?"

"Yes, sir, often."

"I thought so. Strange I didn't recognize you before. What's your name?"

"I told you before. I haven't got any name," replied 333, pulling vigorously.

"Nonsense! What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"Then, why don't you tell me your name?"

"Because it is just as I say. I haven't any. I'm a foundling. I don't know what

my name is. Everybody calls me 333, and that's good enough."

"And you really have no name that you can lay claim to?"

"No."

"And no friends?"

"Mighty few. I've worked my way up out of the gutter. I didn't like gutter snipes for friends, so I dropped all my old acquaintances, and my old name with them, and except the boys at the office I haven't made any new friends since."

"Strange! Never heard of such a case before. Who sent you with that message to me?"

"It's against the rules of the office to tell that. Besides, it don't make any difference now."

"It was detectives, I suppose?"

"I didn't say so. Where do you want to go?"

"Get me ashore wherever you can. I don't suppose you'll try to detain me."

"I couldn't very well do that. I was only thinking about the money you promised me."

"Oh, well, that's all right. That will come later."

"I'd like to see it come now. I suppose you have it about you?"

"What?"

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"Nonsense!"

"They say you got off with a lot more than that, Mr. Mellen."

"Don't be impertinent, boy, and don't believe all you hear. Put me ashore, and I'll pay you for this night's work; but I don't care to talk any further now."

Not wanting to be "too fresh," the messenger boy attended to his rowing and held his tongue, and so they went on through the fog.

The silence grew painful.

Mr. Mellen fretted under it, and at last he began questioning 333 about himself again, learning nothing because the boy actually had but little to tell about his past, and that little he preferred to keep to himself.

"We must be pretty near the shore now," said the cashier at last. "I can hear the breakers, can't you?"

"I hear something like it."

"It's breakers fast enough. Have you any idea where we are?"

"No more than you have. Somewhere down on the Bay Ridge shore, I suppose."

"It would be strange if it should be," muttered Mr. Mellen.

"What did you say?" asked 333, and then all at once a tug loomed up in the fog.

"Back! Back! Get back! There they are now!" the cashier gasped.

"Hush! Leave it to me. We are right on the shore," whispered 333.

He backed water until the tug was lost to view, and then with a few bold strokes drove the boat up on the pebbly beach.

"Out with you!" he whispered. "We can do better away from the boat."

Evidently the cashier thought so, too, for he lost no time in climbing out.

They now found themselves under the steep bluffs which skirt the Bay Ridge shore of the Upper Bay, and right in front of them was a huge square boulder.

"Well, well! This is strange!" breathed Mr. Mellen. "This is strange enough!"

"What is strange?" asked 333.

"No matter. Boy, do you want to get that money I promised you?"

"Why, of course."

"Do you want to get it now?"

"Certainly."

"You shall have it, if you'll promise never to breathe one word of what has happened to-night."

"All right. The boodle is buried here, I suppose?"

"Well, it is. It is strange, very strange, that we should happen to land at this identical spot; but here we are, and we may as well make the most of it! Show me one of the oars."

333 took an oar out of the boat and handed it to Mr. Mellen.

The tide was well out or they could not have stood where they were, and the cashier listening attentively a moment, proceeded to pace off the ground back from the big boulder.

333 followed him, watching and listening.

He could hear voices in the direction of the tug, and now all at once he heard the ring of metal.

"Hush! Did you hear that?" breathed the cashier. "They are digging. They have got the wrong place. Stupid idiot! He thinks I was fool enough to bury it right in front of the house. Hold on now, 333; here we are."

He struck the oar down into the sand and stopped.

The messenger boy watched him breathlessly.

Let us do 333 justice, and say that he had no other idea than to recover the stolen cash for the bank.

It was only thoughts of the big reward which ran through his head when Mr. Mellen began to dig in the sand.

Now, an oar is not a very handy thing to dig with, but the cashier managed it so well as to lead 333 to suspect that he might have used one when he dug there before.

He had soon scooped out a hole some three or four feet deep.

"Can I have made a mistake?" he whis-

pered. "It isn't here—yes, by thunder, here it is!"

He stooped down, and bending over the hole, began tugging at something.

"Can I help?" asked 333.

"No, no! I can do it alone," was the reply. "It sticks, though. What in the world—ah, here it comes!"

Up came a big cash box, and Mr. Mellen sprang to his feet.

"Follow me, boy!" he whispered, and he was just starting along the shore when suddenly a light was flashed upon them and a stern voice called out:

"Stand where you are, Mellen, or I fire! Drop the box! Drop it now!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Little Fun.

She—I think Utah offers exceptional advantages in the way of business. He—Perhaps it does—for—milliners.

Little Horace—Papa, what are silent watches of the night? Papa—The ones people forget to wind when they go to bed, I guess.

"My older brother always got humored because he was the biggest. "Yes?" "And my other brother got humored because he was the littlest." "How about you?" "Well, I had to behave myself."

Ethel (excitedly)—Oh, papa, hurry, quick! Mr. Sappy is lying on the parlor sofa in great pain. He swallowed his monocle! Papa (coolly)—Well, can't it be duplicated? Ethel—Oh, yes; but Mr. Sappy can't!

Mr. Uncertain—You keep a private yacht, don't you, Dubious? Mr. Dubious—Oh, yes. Mr. Uncertain—Well, next to money, what is the most important adjunct necessary to the maintenance of a craft of that kind? Mr. Dubious—Credit.

She aired her French knowledge at Paris in vain.

Although she essayed it again and again, until with a toss of her proud little head, "They don't understand their own language!" she said.

Pat—What is a mystery, Mike? Mike—I'll tell ye. My father bought a barrel of pork, and the brine leaked out and left the pork in the top of the barrel. Pat—But how do ye account for that? Mike—That's the mystery, me boy.

He—I am surprised at Dr. White. After being our family doctor for years, and treating me for all sorts of things, and to think of all the money we've paid him, too! She—What has he done? He—He wouldn't pass me for the life insurance company.

Little Ethel, aged five, accompanied her grandmother to church one Sabbath morning and when the contribution plate came around she dropped in the dime that her father had given her. The old lady was about to contribute also, when Ethel leaned over and said in an audible whisper: "Never mind, grandma; I paid for two."

Interesting Items.

For making oils and perfumes there are required annually 4,469,200 pounds of roses, 5,511,500 pounds of orange blossoms, 400,920 pounds of jessamine, 330,690 pounds each cassia and tuberose, and 440,920 pounds violets.

Major Blanche Cox addressed a crowd at the Salvation Army barracks, Denver, Col. The hall was well filled. After the singing of several hymns and the giving of testimony a collection was taken up and the presiding officer announced that Major Cox would shake hands with any one for \$1. Several were found willing thus to contribute to the cause.

A year ago Professor L. T. Weeks, of Winfield, Kas., in climbing a mountain in Switzerland lost a pocketbook containing \$125 in gold. He notified the authorities of his loss, but had no hope whatever of recovering the money. A few days ago he received a letter from the officials in Switzerland informing him that his pocketbook had been found, and that its contents would be forwarded to him at once.

The other day Mr. Abraham Mincey, living near Black post office, Ga., cut a pine tree in which there were two swarms of bees. The tree was hollow and one swarm had worked from the top of the hollow while the other worked from the bottom until they had met each other at the middle. Mr. Mincey cut out just thirty feet of solid honeycomb. This was perhaps the oldest bee tree that has been cut in this county in many a day.

Several weeks ago Tom Pressnell, former night operator for the E. & T. H. at Sullivan, Ind., took "Old Tom," the office cat, to Seeleyville, a station on the Vandalia, about forty miles from here, where he is now employed as operator. The other night "Old Tom" walked into the station in a dirty and bedraggled condition, but apparently happy to get back again. No trains were due at that time and it is supposed that the cat walked the whole distance back.

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The Boy Mayor;

OR,
 BUILDING UP A TOWN.

By FRANK FORREST,

Author of "Young Admiral Dewey," "Dick, the Half-Breed," "In Ebony Land," "In Peril of Pontiac," "Steve and the Spanish Spies," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

CHASING THE MAYOR.

With the exception of the great cyclone Boxford had never known a more exciting time than that windy afternoon when the Town Hall tumbled down.

It was a most fortunate thing that this fresh disaster came on slowly, or there would have been a fearful loss of life.

The fall of the beam and the partial sink-

as it is necessary in order to understand what followed.

By going around behind the ruins Tom Taylor started in upon an adventure which was destined to bring him most prominently before his fellow citizens; in short, to make him the foremost figure in the town.

"There's nobody here," said Billy, as they came running around behind the building. "I told you there wasn't, Tom."

"I know," said Tom; "but there's nothing

Tom got over the fence just in time to see Mr. Waddington disappear in the woods.

The mayor was running at the top of his speed.

It did not need anyone to tell Tom that there must be something crooked in all this.

"Where is he heading?" panted Billy, who came hurrying up behind Tom. "What do you suppose he intends to do?"

"Don't ask me, Billy," was the reply. "You can imagine just as well as I can."

Wait till it all comes out, and I guess you'll find that I have the right of the matter. If that cash box don't contain the town money I don't know anything. He shan't get away with it. I say no, and I'm going to make my word good."

Now when it came to running Billy was not in it alongside of Tom.

There wasn't a boy in Boxford who knew low to use his legs better than our hero, and Tom used them now for all they were worth, leaving Billy pretty well in the rear.

His only fear was that the mayor would

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OUT TO-DAY

FRED FEARNOT IN WALL STREET

OR,

Making and Losing a Million,

By HAL STANDISH,

—IN—

"Work and Win" No. 48

SHORTY:

OR,

KICKED INTO GOOD LUCK

By PETER PAD,

—IN—

"SNAPS" No. 4.

The Bradys in Frisco

OR,

A Three Thousand Mile Hunt,

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

—IN—

"Secret Service" No. 41

Frank Fair in Congress

OR,

A BOY AMONG OUR LAWMAKERS,

By HAL STANDISH,

—IN—

"Pluck and Luck" No. 74

ing of the floor were but the forerunner of what was to come.

There was just time for the citizens of the stricken town to make their escape when the whole upper part of the building came down with a crash.

Tom and Billy carried the girls out by a side door, and saw them safe in Mr. White's drug store.

"Oh, Tom Taylor!" cried Blanche, who was the first to recover from her faint, "it seems as if you were always doing something for me. Don't stop here! Get back and help the others. There may be dozens of lives lost over there!"

And indeed it might well have been so, for as Blanche spoke the whole crazy structure came down with a crash, but fate had willed it otherwise, and when the boys got back to the ruins the report ran through the crowd that everyone was out.

Still Tom could not feel sure, and he and Billy hurried around behind the ruins to make sure that there was no one in the basement.

The destruction had not been complete here. The rooms on the ground floor remained intact, for the fall of the building had been the other way.

One of these rooms was occupied by the janitor, another was the lock-up and the third was used for storage. Beyond was a low fence which separated the yard from a piece of woods. There were no houses here, for the growth of Boxford was all in the other way.

The wood ran down into a deep hollow, which was the reason why no building had been done in this direction.

Still further on was an old limestone quarry, a deep hole running down deep into the stone beds, which underlie the prairie here.

It was a desolate spot, if ever there was one, and as the quarry had been abandoned several years before, it was a place where people seldom went.

We have paused to give this description

like being sure. I didn't know but there might be some poor fellow in the lock-up, and the balance of this old roost is liable to collapse at any time."

He peered through the window of the lock-up, but could see nobody inside.

Just then there was a noise in the store-room, and a man came springing out into the yard.

It was Mayor Waddington.

His hat was tilted back on his head and his face wore a wild, excited appearance. In his hand he carried a small japanned cash box.

He drew back with a frightened start at sight of the boys, but this was only for a moment, for then he made a rush at Tom.

"You young scoundrel!" he hissed, striking out with the cash box. "I'll get square with you for what you have done!"

Down came the cash box upon Tom's head, and down went our hero sprawling on the ground.

"You villain!" shouted Billy, making a rush at the mayor.

But Mr. Waddington was too quick for him.

He gave Billy the cash box full in the face—it was a wonder it had not broken the boy's nose—and then dashing across the yard, he scaled the fence and was gone.

Tom was the first to recover his wits. "Robbery!" he cried. "He's stolen the \$10,000, and I know it!"

"Wouldn't wonder!" gasped Billy. "There's a way into his office through the store-room. That's what he is up to, Tom, as sure as fate. I'll run for help!"

"Run for nothing!" cried Tom, making a dash for the fence. "I'll take chances on this. I'm going to bring that man back or bust. He's a thief! It's like stealing the pennies off a dead man's eyes to steal the money the Board of Trade gave to this town!"

It was a good thing for Boxford that there was one wide awake fellow left in town.

turn off to the right or the left and hide himself in the woods, which certainly would have been the most sensible thing to do, and very likely would have ended in his escape.

But Mr. Waddington was acting under great excitement, and like most excited men, did the foolish thing instead of the wiser one.

He ran straight through the woods and came out in front of the old quarry, where his escape would have been cut off if it had not been for something which we must now pause to explain.

There were two cuttings to the quarry; two deep, broad pits, united by a narrow cut which had enabled the workmen to pass from one opening to the other.

Across this cut lay a single plank about twenty feet in length, forming a rude bridge.

This bridge had been there for several years, and many was the time Tom and Billy had crossed it.

Beyond there were more woods extending for half a mile or so, and beyond that lay the abandoned railroad. There were no houses anywhere around.

Tom grasped the situation at a glance.

The mayor was making for the bridge with the evident intention of crossing it.

He'll throw down the plank and cut us off!" thought Tom. "That's his game! But he shan't escape me!"

There was some tall sprinting done then. Tom ran like a deer, and the way the mayor got over the ground was really astonishing, considering his weight.

"Fall back, there! Fall back, there, Tom Taylor, or I'll fire!" he shouted, turning as he neared the bridge and throwing his hand behind him as though to draw a revolver.

But Tom, instead of halting, bounded on.

Mr. Waddington had no revolver. What he had done had been done on the spur of

[Continued on page 10.]



BILLY SAW THE FINAL RUSH. THE MAYOR HAD JUST ABOUT REACHED THE MIDDLE OF THE NARROW PLANK WHEN TOM WAS UPON HIM. THERE WAS A MOMENTARY STRUGGLE FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE CASH BOX, AND THEN — THEN BILLY CLOSED HIS EYES IN HORROR, FOR HE SAW MR. WADDINGTON GIVE TOM A VIOLENT PUSH OFF THE PLANK.

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

Across the Continent on Cheek;

OR,

Tommy Bounce and His Funny Adventures.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "Harry Hawser," "Bob and His Uncle Dick," "Uncle Jake," "Smart and Sharp," "Goliath," "The Last Bounce," etc.

CHAPTER X.

Jim had been having a pretty good time since seeing Tommy go away on the train. At first he did not at all fancy the idea of walking he did not know how many miles before catching up to Tommy.

In fact, he was inclined to be exceedingly angry with that young gentleman for allowing him to be dumped by the roadside in that summary fashion.

blankets about their shoulders, and they had leggings and moccasins and dirty shirts.

Moreover, two of them had bottles with them, and the bottles had already been looked into.

Now, in all the stories that Jim had heard about Indians, he had not formed a very agreeable conception of their character.

On the contrary, he had been impressed

Then the other bottle got to the same condition, and was similarly disposed of. The bottles were empty but the Indians were not.

Jim was fuller than they, not being as much used to such fiery stuff as they were.

They all got very chummy, however. They were all going to get more liquor, and they were great friends.

Fortunately there was no place where they could buy liquor short of seven or eight miles.

It took them a long time to make those eight miles, too.

Some miles took an hour to cover and some not so long as that.

They had to stop and liquor up, and then they walked on both sides of the track so much that it doubled the distance.

When the liquor was all gone, they had to sit down and hold a consultation or powwow, and that took time.

I said just now that the Indians got very chummy with Jim.

That was on account of their being thrown together so much, I suppose.

They were thrown all together several times, from stubbing their toes or getting their feet tangled.

Jim was thrown together with one or another of the party to the ground more than once.

In fact, the track came up and hit him a number of times.

This didn't do Jim's clothes a bit of good.

Neither did his hat benefit from the treatment.

Finally, during the consultation, one of the Indians stuck a feather in Jim's hat.

Not in the band, but in the hat itself, making a hole in the crown thereof.

Then another Indian gave him a blanket.

A third decorated him with a second feather.

The fourth, having to do something, hung a string of glass beads about his neck.

"Black man

heap big in-

jun, good fellow," he said. "Black man

like rum," said another.

The rest echoed this sentiment.

In fact, that's why they had got so chummy with him.

An Indian never gives away anything unless with a well defined purpose.

Jim was too full of the bad liquor to realize this at first.

Well, they neared the town at last, having been upward of four hours in reaching it.

By this time Jim had got back somewhat to his normal state.

Then he realized that he must shake his aboriginal friends.

How to do this he could not guess.

The gang of them went reeling and singing through the streets, attracting the greatest attention.

"We's shuah ter be pulled in ef we go on lak dis," Jim muttered, "an' I don't know whar Marse Tommy am, to bail me o't."

Then it was that Tommy saw him.

Five Indians, one of them a black man, wearing a silk hat with two feathers stuck through it, a blanket over a black frock coat and a string of beads about his neck, the five of them arm-in-arm, and taking up the entire walk, was a sight to see.

Tommy thought they were all Indians at the first glance.

Then he saw Jim.

"Well, I'll take my beans!" he chuckled. Jim was a sight, and no mistake.

Tommy looked at him a few moments as he came nearer.

Then he let out his voice and yelled: "Hello, you Jim Gloom; come here this minute!"

Jim was much more sober than the noble red men.

"A' right, Marse Tommy," he said, and, slipping his arms free, he made a break.

Down went four Indians in a tangle on the sidewalk.

For a minute or so they were very much

mixed up, and you couldn't tell t'other from which.

"Where have you been, Jim?"

"Comin' 'long de ro'd, dat's all, Marse Tommy. I done meet dem Injines an' dey axed me ter hab a drink wif 'em. Dey ain' sech bad fellahs. I allus fort Injines was all de time killin' an eatin' folkes, but dem Injines ain' lak dat."

"Well, you're a beaut," laughed Tommy. "Chuck off that blanket." You can't tell how many there are on it."

"How many what, Marse Tommy?"

"Never mind, but if you can get a free bath in this part of America, I'd advise you to take it."

"Fo' goodness sakes!" sputtered Jim, and off came that blanket in a hurry.

Tommy pulled the feathers out of Jim's hat and took off the string of beads.

"Come on, you imitation Indian; you've got to get a move on you."

They passed the place where Tommy had had his square meal, but the proprietor was too busy looking at the Indians to notice Tommy.

The upshot of the business was that the Indians got in the lock-up and Jim Gloom would have been in the same predicament if he had not met Tommy when he did.

It was coming on toward evening now, and it was necessary for the travelers to either find a hotel or get a ride out of town.

They got the latter on the rear end of a vestibuled train, which made very few stops during the night.

It was not altogether comfortable, but it didn't happen to be cold, and along toward morning those two roosters fell asleep.

Jim was too heavy to fall off, and he took up the whole of the seat he sat on.

Tommy was above him, and couldn't fall off.

The wind didn't touch Tommy, and Jim, wrapped in his big overcoat, didn't mind it.

Tommy was tired and slept like a top, and Jim's snores sounded in unison with the snort of the engine.

Well, in the early morning, just before sunrise, the train stopped, after making a pretty good run.

The braking up and shaking up partly aroused Tommy, but Jim slept right on.

There were several people hanging around the station, even at that early hour, and they got onto the two sleepers.

The train was going to make quite a stop and someone was sure to be along to look after the wheels and things.

One of the loungers about the place saw the two roosters, and he told another fellow.

Then these two told someone else, and pretty soon a dozen knew it.

Then they determined to play a joke on the two.

Tommy was awake by this time, but he said nothing.

"I tell you how we'll fix 'em," whispered somebody.

Then he communicated his plan to the rest in a hoarse whisper.

Tommy gave an inward chuckle when he heard it.

Jim was too sound asleep to hear anything.

Pretty soon the man with the plan came along with something else.

It was a big bucket of water.

"Soak 'em good!" said the crowd.

Tommy looked out from under one eye-lid and watched his chances.

Just as the man with the bucket let fly he ducked.

Jim got the whole business right in the face.

"Haw-haw-haw! Good joke," laughed the jokers.

It was the laughing that awoke Jim.

He jumped, straightened up, shook himself and said:

"Hi, Marse Tommy, did yo' know it's been rainin'?" Reckon we bettah go inside."

Then there were more guffaws from the spectators.

That fully aroused Jim and he sat up and then down, and then shook and elevated himself.

"I don't like dem berths in de parlor cyars, Marse Tommy," he said. "De watah leaks into 'em."

More boisterous laughter from the crowd. "Well, you can't say that our beds were not well aired, Jim," said Tommy, stepping down upon the platform.

That started the laughter going again.

Then Tommy strolled leisurely along the platform.

The crowd laughed at Jim, but they concluded that Tommy was all right.

Many of the passengers got off to take breakfast, and the platform was fairly well crowded.

Tommy soon lost himself in the throng, but he kept his eye on Jim just the same.

Shortly before the train was ready to start off again on its travels, Tommy stood on the top step of the forward platform of that last car and waved his handkerchief.

Jim saw it and pressed forward.

He hadn't stayed at the rear of that car all the time.

In a minute he was going up the steps at a lively rate.

"Last berth on the right, Jim, lower," said Tommy.

Now, Tommy meant right as the train was headed.

Jim understood him to mean right as he was headed.



"LOOK YER, WHA' YO' DOIN' IN DAT YER BED?" ASKED THE PORTER. "WE DON' 'LOW COL'D FOLKS TER OCKERPY DIS CYAR." "CYAN'T I COME IN YER TER LOOK AFTAH MY YOUNG GE'MAN?" ASKED JIM. "HE WASN' AWAKE UP YET, AN' SO I JUS' FELL OBER ON DIS EMP'Y BED AN' DROPPED OFF ASLEEP BEFO' I KNOWED."

"I'd jus' lak ter smack dat young fellah's jaw fo' him," he muttered. "Jus' wait till I catch him, an' he'll see ef I don't lambaste him to beat de ban." De idea of him leavin' me lak dis, so fah away f'om home!

"Huh! dat story wasn't so bad, ef Marse Tommy hadn't er laffed. Reckon de corn-doctah would 'er bleevied it on'y fo' dat. Drat dat boy, anyhow! Dere goes de train, chuckle-chuck, an' I neber was good at runnin' fo' dem tings. Lak 'nuff it'll go two, free hundred miles befo' it stops, an' I gotter walk all dat ter catch up."

The prospect was not very enlivening, even if the distance to be covered were not more than ten miles.

The neighborhood of Great Salt Lake, close to the edge of the great American desert, is not a pleasant one to contemplate, even from a car window, and still less when one has to walk.

When Jim got over sputtering about being left behind, he started off on a walk.

There was really nothing else to do, as he could not take a train from where he had been left.

Off he started, counting ties, stubbing his toe now and again and having something thick to say about it.

After walking for some time, he saw three or four men coming toward him along the track.

"Reckon dey'll tol me how fah it am to de nex' station," he thought.

• It was some little time before he met the four men.

He thought there was something funny about them at a distance, but when he came nearer he didn't think it was so funny.

The men were Indians, regular dirty, drunken, thieving nomads of Indians.

There was no more of the noble red man about them than there is of a parlor car about a coal wagon.

They were simply Indians, and a lazy, shiftless lot at that.

They wore feathers in their heads and

with the idea that they were not the best sort of people to meet on a lonely road.

Consequently, when he saw himself confronted by four wild, wandering redskins, he began to do some shaking in his boots.

He would have to pass them, of course, but he meant to do this as rapidly as possible.

He met them right in the middle of the track, they forming a line across it.

"How?" said one, as they and Jim stopped.

There was nothing particularly offensive in that.

"How do?" said Jim.

"Where black man go?"

"To de nex' town, Mr. Injine. How far am it to dat?"

"Heap long walk. Injun no like walk."

"Huh, I don't lak it m'se'f, but I gotter do it. Good-by."

"Black man no get in heap big hurry. Injun want have talk with black man."

"Yes, Injun talk," said the others.

"I reely ain' got time ter talk to yo', Mistah Injine," said Jim, "an' ef yo' wan' ter talk, yo' gotter go my way, 'cause I 'specially wan' ter get to de nex' town in a hu'y."

"Injun go next town, get more rum. Black man like rum?"

Yes, the black man did like rum, and he was quite willing to sample it when requested.

It was not the finest quality of liquor, being more of the torch-light procession variety than anything else.

However, Jim could stand it, and he took a pretty good-sized drink of it.

In fact, he took two or three drinks, first on one Indian and then on the other.

The party had turned and were going Jim's way, but every now and then they had to stop and have another drink.

This was ruinous to the bottles, and before long one was empty and was stowed away in a side pocket to be refilled later on.

jun, good fellow," he said. "Black man

like rum," said another.

The rest echoed this sentiment.

In fact, that's why they had got so chummy with him.

An Indian never gives away anything unless with a well defined purpose.

Jim was too full of the bad liquor to realize this at first.

Well, they neared the town at last, having been upward of four hours in reaching it.

By this time Jim had got back somewhat to his normal state.

Then he realized that he must shake his aboriginal friends.

How to do this he could not guess.

The gang of them went reeling and singing through the streets, attracting the greatest attention.

"We's shuah ter be pulled in ef we go on lak dis," Jim muttered, "an' I don't know whar Marse Tommy am, to bail me o't."

Then it was that Tommy saw him.

Five Indians, one of them a black man, wearing a silk hat with two feathers stuck through it, a blanket over a black frock coat and a string of beads about his neck, the five of them arm-in-arm, and taking up the entire walk, was a sight to see.

Tommy thought they were all Indians at the first glance.

Then he saw Jim.

"Well, I'll take my beans!" he chuckled. Jim was a sight, and no mistake.

Tommy looked at him a few moments as he came nearer.

Then he let out his voice and yelled: "Hello, you Jim Gloom; come here this minute!"

Jim was much more sober than the noble red men.

"A' right, Marse Tommy," he said, and, slipping his arms free, he made a break.

Down went four Indians in a tangle on the sidewalk.

For a minute or so they were very much

He tumbled, all right, that there was a vacant berth that he could sneak into if he were quick.

The beds were still down and somebody had probably got out.

Jim made a break for that vacant bed. He got the right and left twisted, however.

In a few moments there was a howl, and a homely old woman in a night-cap and curl papers and a temper, likewise a striped nightgown, stuck her head out between the curtains and bawled:

"Conductor, porter, police, fire, thieves! Get out of here, you horrid thing! What do you mean by coming into my berth?"

Incidentally she had banged Jim on the head with a shoe, but his hat and the hardness of his head protected him.

"Sakes alibe, Marse Tommy, you's hab made a 'mistook or put up a job on me, I don't know which," he muttered, as he retreated.

Then he dove into the right berth and covered himself up with the blankets.

Nobody could find the intruder, and the passengers who wanted to sleep told the old girl to shut up, and not disturb them with her nightmares.

The old woman subsided, but she was certain all the same that a man had tried to get into her berth, and vowed she'd sue the railroad.

Jim had only got as far as the outside curtains when the outcry was made.

Things quickly settled down again, and when that train started on once more there were two passengers in that particular car occupying first-class berths, who had not paid for their tickets.

The beds had to be torn apart and put up after a while, of course, but those two travelers got about three hours of sleep in comfortable beds before they were rooted out.

"Gracious me," muttered the porter, "I fort shuah dat number sixteen got o't long ago, an' dere he am a sleepin' yet. Reckon I must have been mistook."

When Tommy was finally rooted out the porter said to him:

"Beg parding, sah, but am you sixteen?"

"Yes, and a little more."

"H'm! I spects yo' is, but am yo' been sleepin' in sixteen all de evenin'?"

"Well, I had an outside berth at first," said Tommy, with never a wink.

When the porter saw Jim, however, he suspected that there was something wrong.

"Look yer, wha' yo' doin' in dat yer bed?" he asked. "We don't 'low col'd folks ter ockerpy his cyar."

"Wha' de mattah wif yo', sah?" asked Jim. "Cyan't I come in yer ter look aftah my young ge'man? Co'se I kin. He was'n awoke up yet, an' so I jus' fell ober on dat empy bed an' dropped off asleep befo' I knowed."

Oh, Jim could tell a dandy story when he really put his mind on it.

"Seuse me, sah," said the porter. "Why didn't yo' say so, fust off?"

"Yo' don't own de cyar yet, sah, so yer needn't ter put on so many airs," said Jim, overawing the other coon by his extra dignity and size.

"Good old Jim," chuckled Tommy to himself. "He knows how to carry a thing out when he once gets an idea."

Tommy had a wash and a brush, and a freshening up and felt like a newly opened daisy after it, so that no one would have suspected that he was not traveling first-class and paying first-class rates for it.

However, they couldn't go on at that rate too long, and when there was a good chance and nobody observing them, our travelers got off, ostensibly to stretch their legs a bit, and didn't go back to the sleeper, and a certain porter lost his tip.

They didn't get parlor cars and sleepers at every stage of the journey, either, by any means.

They had to put up with something much less pretentious after that.

It was somewhere about that time that old Grimes called on old Bouncer to tell him the news, although he pretended to be in search of some.

"Well, anything from Tommy?" was the latest form of his stereotyped questions as he came in.

"No," said Bounce, shortly.

"Guess he's given up, hey?"

"No," answered Bounce, as short as before.

"Hasn't sent on for money yet?"

"No!" still shorter.

"You've sent it to him, though?"

"No!" very crisp and choppy.

"Well, I guess you'll have to before long," said Grimes. "I've heard from him, through my man, of course. He's pretty well on his way, to be sure, away out in Nevada, in fact, but that's a tough country."

"So's Tommy," interrupted Bounce. "He can stand a lot."

"Yes, but there is a limit, and I guess he's pretty nearly reached it. I ain't giving up yet. He'll peg out before long. Fact is, my man stands ready to advance him money at any minute."

"He'll get it in the collar if he does," laughed Bounce. "Tommy will slug him if he makes any such proposition."

"Oh, he won't make himself known till he sees Tommy giving out, but that won't be long."

Tommy and Jim had been playing in hard luck for several days, for a fact.

There were no parlor cars for them; no spare beds in sleepers, nor anything of that sort.

They were going through a pretty rocky country; towns were few and far apart, trains did not stop often, and when they did it was hard to get aboard one.

They might have worked and got a stake that way, but this was against the contract, and so they couldn't do it.

Because Tommy was well dressed and didn't want to work, he was looked upon as a gambler, or card sharp, and told to clear out or he'd be strung up.

He sneaked upon a few freight trains, but he always got fired at the end of a few miles, and at any point where he was discovered, whether near a station or not.

That gave him a deal of walking to do, necessarily, and his shoes suffered considerably from it.

Sleeping in freight cars didn't improve the appearance of his clothes, either.

However, he had come that far, and didn't mean to give it up.

"We'll go on, Jim, if we reach San Francisco in rags," he said.

"Dat's raight, Marse Tommy."

"But you don't have to, Jim. There's nothing against your asking for rides or money. You are not in the bet, you know."

"Yes, I is, Marse Tommy," chuckled Jim, opening his face to its full extent.

"You are?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"Yas'r, I'se got a side bet wif ol' Grimes, but I didn't mean ter say nuffin' ab'ot it. Dat's why I'se gotter keep raight on 'long o' yo', sah."

"Well, I never!" laughed Tommy. "You're the right stuff, after all, Jim."

"Reckon I is, Marse Tommy," said Jim, in whose make-up there was very little modesty.

In the course of their peregrinations, the two tramps, for they were little better just then, arrived at quite an important station on the railroad.

There was a train due in a short time, and a lot of people were waiting for it.

Tommy saw a man with an overcoat on his arm and a grip in his hand, staring at him rather harder than the occasion seemed to demand.

"Seems to me I've seen that fellow before during this trip," he mused.

The man stared at Tommy some more, and seemed to be highly amused at something, and then the cheeky traveler heard him say to the station agent:

"No, I guess I won't go on after all. I want to see if somebody goes by this train first."

"That's funny," thought Tommy. "Maybe he's a detective, and has spotted us."

A few minutes later the man put his grip and overcoat on a truck and entered one of the lavatories.

The door opened outward and the truck was near it.

In a very short time the train came along, running on its own time, and not according to the town clocks.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"We're behind time."

At once Tommy's mind was made up.

He shoved that truck against the door of the lavatory in such a way that it could not be opened, grabbed the coat and the grip and started for the train.

The overcoat was on his back and the grip in his hand, and he gave Jim the wink.

No, he did not mean to steal the things. All he wanted them for was to get on the train with.

He got there.

As he sat down the train started and he was jolted forward.

Some letters and papers fell out of the inside pocket of the overcoat.

He saw the address on one, picked it up, chuckled and said:

"I say, Jim, this is the best yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We are giving away fifteen \$50.00 Bicycles. See offer on 16th page.

Cable's Only High Hat.

By "ED."

Once upon a time Cable was in love with a girl.

It was or is nothing remarkable for Cable to be in love with a girl. For a girl to be in love with him would be far stranger.

This time, though, her name it was Mary, and she was reputed to be rich. Six or seven hundred rupees was the generally accepted idea.

Cable was gone on her.

She was a fairy—three dollars and a half a week in the "Black Crook"—and he wanted to make himself solid. Wanted to marry her and let her nobly support him.

She would not have it.

She intimated that she loved Cable at a distance; the more the distance the greater the love.

"Sammy," said she, "you are too young, too ardent, in fact, too fresh. Now if you did not appear so young and brand new I might listen to your tale of love. But as it is—no tale."

Cable considered.

He said he would let his side-whiskers grow. She gently replied that she did not

desire to wait to a fossilized old age for that result.

Cable considered more.

He suggested that if a bald head would be construed into a sign of old age he would rub off his hair with a file. Mary dampened the brilliant scheme by stating that babies are noted for bald-heads.

Cable retreated home thoughtfully.

That night he asked his mother if he could have a high hat.

First she pooch-pooched the idea.

She stated that a monkey on a stick or a little wooden lamb would be more suitable.

Cable indignantly refused. He stated that he was a man. He carried a cane, chewed tobacco, slept without a night gown and had bet on a pedestrian match.

If he could not have a high hat he would take the next picnic barge for Jersey City and go forth to kill Zulus.

His ma relented.

She bought the high hat herself.

She had peculiar ideas about buying high hats.

The one she bought for Cable was big enough for his grandfather, weighed eight pounds and had a rim the size of a horse car track. But it was cheap—therefore she bought it.

Cable put it on.

It fell over his nose and gave him the general appearance of a candle with an extinguisher on. Still it was a high hat. Nobody could deny it under oath.

He went to see Mary in it.

Mary had a fit.

"Tell me what it is and you can have it," she said, as he appeared on the front stoop.

"Kick it off the steps gently—it may burst."

Cable heard her.

He started for home sadly.

"Henceforth we meet as strangers—our dream of love is o'er," he pensively said.

He was not pensive long.

A gang of young and abandoned ruffians, who were watching a street corner to see that nobody stole it, got onto his hat ("got onto" is West Point for perceived).

"Look at the canary bird with a boil on his head!" cried one.

"My grandfather's hat was too large for his head!" sang a second.

"Them hats is five cents a crate," remarked a third with a noble disregard of grammar.

Bang came a brick against the hat. It was followed in close succession by a dead cat, a handful of clay and a cobble stone.

The hat fell into the street and a truck ran over it.

When Cable picked it up it looked as if it was an accordion.

He thought of committing suicide.

But he didn't.

Instead he took it to hatter's and had it fixed up. It looked almost as good as new.

Elated with the unexpected resurrection, he went down with it the next day to show it to some of his friends.

He met them in a beer morgue.

They said the hat was nice—as a curiosity. They treated Cable to beer on it.

And while he was imbibing the frothy beverage they stole the celebrated hat.

They put crackers into it.

They put pie into it.

They poured tomato catsup into it.

They lit matches and put them into it.

Then they kicked it and jumped onto it, and hit it with Indian clubs, and sat onto it.

When Cable finally regained possession of it its look was that of a hat just returned from a six weeks' drunk.

The boys thought they had fixed the hat for good.

They hadn't.

A few nights afterward a party was given at the house of one of the mob.

Cable appeared with the same hat all fixed up, with the addition of a mourning band.

It was stolen again.

This time they tore the lining out, cut holes in the top, fired pistols through it, chopped it with an ax. And, as a last resort blew it up with a pound of powder.

The very next night Cable appeared with the very same hat, it bearing hardly any traces of the racket it had gone through.

The boys got desperate.

They inveigled Cable on board of a Rockaway boat, and, snatching the hat, threw it overboard. Then they grinned, and winked, and shook hands, and howled with joy.

Five minutes later the hat reappeared upon Cable's head.

A deck hand had caught it on the fly before it touched the water and restored it to its owner.

Ever since the boys have suffered under Cable's hat. They swear that it is charmed.

It does seem so.

It has been shot out of a cannon.

It has been accidentally run through a threshing machine.

It has been ground up in a coffee mill.

But every time Cable gets it fixed brighter and better than ever, and—

Here comes Cable now.

On my word of honor as a gentleman, he's got that blessed high hat on.

There is a small Herring's safe in my room. I'm going to drop it out of the window on his hat.

I may kill him, but I'll bet I don't hurt the hat.

The Boy Mayor

(Continued from page 8.)

the moment, and without preparation. If he had been armed there can be little doubt that Tom's fate would have been sealed.

Billy saw the final rush. The mayor had just about reached the middle of the narrow plank when Tom was upon him.

There was a momentary struggle for the possession of the cash box, and then—

Then Billy closed his eyes in horror, for he saw Mr. Waddington give Tom a violent push off the plank.

"Tom's a goner!" gasped Billy, bounding on.

His eyes were wide open now.

He could see the mayor making for the woods on the other side of the cut, but his hands were empty.

There was no one on the bridge. Tom Taylor had vanished, too.

CHAPTER V.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

It did seem as if Boxford was in every respect the most unlucky town in the State of Illinois.

It had been in hard luck even before the cyclone struck it.

Fifteen years before the town had a serious setback, and at that time, as now, it was robbed by its mayor.

William Winston was the name of the thief on that occasion.

He was also a lawyer, and a shrewd one, when he was sober, but cards and drink proved his ruin, and Boxford lost heavily through him, and there was a mystery about it, too.

Fifty thousand dollars had been raised by the town on a bond issue for building the Town Hall and road improvements. The money was brought out from Chicago in greenbacks just as it was paid to the mayor by the Bank of Illinois, but it never reached Boxford, nor was the mayor ever seen again.

The last that was seen of the official was at a lonely siding in the woods between Sandford and Boxford, known as the "Quarry station," where the train used to stop in those days.

Here Mayor Winston was known to have left the train very much under the influence of liquor.

What became of him after that, or what became of the town's funds, which he carried in a grip, no one ever knew, for the man was never heard of again; but it was generally believed that the mayor had made off with the cash.

So much for this bit of town history, which is important to our story, or we should not have stopped to relate it; now we must get back to Billy McFarland, who was thoroughly frightened, as he ran on toward the bridge.

"It's murder! It's murder!" thought Billy. "Oh, Tom! Oh, what shall I do!"

Poor boy! He was half beside himself, for if ever two boys were stanch friends, it was Tom and Billy. Brothers could not have loved each other better—indeed, if they had been brothers perhaps they would not have loved each other half so well.

As it was, Billy forgot all about the mayor, and just ran right out upon the bridge, peering down into the cut and shouting:

"Tom! Tom! Say, Tom!"

It was getting on toward dusk, and the shadows were thick there in the cut between the two quarries.

Billy could not even see the bottom of the cut, but he thought he could hear a faint answer to his shout.

In a moment it came plainer. There was somebody moving about on a narrow ledge of rock about twenty feet down on the side of the cut toward the town.

Just then the descending sun, which was behind a cloud, peered out, and its rays struck down slanting into the cut.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Billy. "By gracious, are you there?"

There was Tom standing on the ledge as cool as a cucumber.

"Hello, Billy! I got there!" he shouted.

"Here it is, old man!"

Tom held up his hand and waved the cash box. "Where is he?" he cried. "Did he get away?"

"Away, yes, and I hope he may never show his face in Boxford again!" called Billy. "Are you hurt, Tom? Great Scott! I don't see how you managed to escape!"

"Blest if I do, either," replied Tom. "No, I'm not hurt a bit! He pushed me down here, Billy, but I managed to hold on to the box just the same."

"And you landed on that rock?"

"Here I am! Don't you see? Thought I was a goner, but it seems that I'm one of the kind it's hard to kill. I'm like an off cat, Billy. I land on my feet every time. It beats all! I'm alive, and what's more, I'm not hurt a bit."

No words can express Billy's relief, but it was no time for words, the question was how was Tom to get up?

"There's a kind of a cave here!" he called.

"It goes back under the hill five or six feet, but I don't see any way of getting up. I can't climb it, that's sure."

"It would be easy enough if we had a rope," said Billy.

"Which we haven't. There ought to be

ropes in the store-room under the Town Hall."

"Shall I go for one? Shall I bring help?"

"Get the rope, but don't say a word to anyone, Billy."

"Why not? I may not be able to pull you up alone."

"Ishaw! I can climb up easy enough, if you can only make the rope fast to the plank or to the rocks. Say, Billy, you don't seem to realize that we've done a big thing for the town."

"You have, Tom; I haven't done anything but run."

"Well, then, I have, if you choose to put it so, and I tell you what it is, I want to make the most of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean just this: I'm not going to tell my business to anybody. Let them find out that Waddington has robbed them; let them get excited about it, and then at the right minute we'll jump in and show them what we have done."

"Do you think the cash is really in the box?" asked Billy, dubiously.

"Can you doubt it? The blame thing is locked and I don't like to break it open, but I haven't the least doubt in my own mind that it is there."

"We can mighty soon find out, once we get you up," cried Billy. "I'll go for the rope, Tom, and I won't say a word. We've got to work lively, or it will be dark before we get through."

"Go on!" said Tom, and away Billy went back into the woods as fast as his legs could carry him.

Twice he looked back across the cut, but he could see nothing of Mayor Waddington, as he half expected to do.

Evidently the mayor had concluded to give up the cash box and make good his escape.

As soon as Billy had gone Tom put down the cash box and started to look about him.

It was more than a hundred and fifty feet down to the bottom of the cut, and the boy shuddered as he thought of his narrow escape.

Then he turned and peered into the hole under the rocks, which he had called the cave.

It was in fact a cave, but a very small one. Such openings are common in limestone countries; there were others like it in the quarry, as Tom very well knew.

When he had looked before the interior of the cave had been rather dark, but now the sun had reached such a position that its rays struck directly into it, enabling Tom to see the interior plainly enough.

There was something inside spread out upon the floor of the cave, which he had not perceived when he first looked in, and the sight made the boy's heart almost stand still.

It was a human skeleton.

There it lay upon its side, with a few old rags of clothing clinging to it, but the bones were bleached clean, where exposed, dazzlingly white, for they were covered with a limy deposit which had trickled down from the rocks above.

"A dead man!" gasped Tom. "How in the world did he get down here!"

His sense of fear left him after a moment, and he crept into the cave, the roof of which was so low that he had to go on his hands and knees.

The skeleton was that of a man, the remains of the clothes told him that.

Beside it stood an old leather grip marked with the letters "W. W."

This also was all covered with the limy deposit, and at first glance Tom thought it was a stone.

He caught it by the handle, which immediately gave way in his grasp; the grip flew open as it struck the rocks, for the lock was all rusted away.

Tom, kneeling before it, drew back in amazement, for there inside were great packages of greenbacks, ten in number, five in one side and five in the other.

Here was a great discovery!

Tom seized a package of bills and ran them over with his fingers.

"Why, it's a fortune! There must be thousands of dollars here!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER VI.

BOXFORD ELECTS A BOY MAYOR.

"Hello, Tom! Hey, Tom! Hello!"

It was Billy McFarland calling at the top of the cut.

Tom tossed the last package of greenbacks back into the grip.

He had just finished his count, and if ever there was an excited boy in the town of Boxford, it was he.

There was \$50,000 in the grip.

Tom's adventure with the mayor had taken a strange turn.

"Hello, Billy, here I am!" he cried, coolly enough, as he came out upon the ledge and showed himself.

"Good enough! I was afraid you had tumbled down into the cut!" answered Billy, in a tone of relief. "I've got the rope, Tom."

"Oh, have you? All right. I'll come right up."

"What's the matter with you? What makes you speak so strange?"

"Do I speak strange?"

"Why, yes. Now you're laughing! you've struck something down there, Tom."

"You're right, I have! Billy, prepare to be surprised. I've found the mayor!"

"What? What do you mean? Waddington can't be down there?"

"Not Waddington at all—Winston!"

But this did not tell Billy anything, for he was not as well posted in town history as Tom, and when Mayor Winston disappeared he had been only a little boy.

"What in the world do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean that I've made a big discovery down here!" cried Tom, pulling off his coat.

"There's something coming up before I move, Billy," he added. "Something that will surprise you. Wait a minute. You'll open your eyes when you know."

Tom disappeared and in a few moments came back with the coat and called to Billy to let down the rope and hoist away.

"Great Scott! Why, it's money! The packets are full!" cried Billy, as the coat came up dangling at the end of the rope.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" shouted Tom. "Hurray! Boxford's all right now. Every cent belongs to the town!"

The wind went down with the sun, but the excitement in the streets of Boxford increased, rather than diminished, as night came on.

Town meeting had been rudely adjourned, it is true, but the discussion of the town's affairs was taken up again in the evening at the hotel.

An excited crowd filled the barroom, men were talking and gesticulating; anyone looking through the door might have been excused for thinking that a fight was in progress, but it was really nothing of the sort.

An unpleasant discovery had been made—that was all.

After the first excitement which followed the fall of the Town Hall had subsided, the citizens of Boxford naturally began to ask themselves what had become of Mayor Waddington, for surely then, if ever, he ought to be in evidence, and instead he was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's the mayor? What's become of the mayor?" they kept asking each other, until Mr. White suggested that he might be under the ruins, which led to several citizens making their way into his office through the store-room, where a startling discovery was made.

The safe stood open, and the cash box which contained the town funds was missing.

So was the mayor.

The whole town was hunted over, but they could not find him.

It was then remembered that Mrs. Waddington had left town the day before. There were no children in the family, and the mayor's house was closed, so a committee of citizens took the liberty of breaking in.

It is of little consequence what they did there. Enough to say that ample evidence was discovered to convince them that Mayor Waddington had run away with the town funds, and that he was a defaulter in his business besides.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said Mr. White, who was one of the crowd which gathered in the basement of the hotel that evening; "the town of Boxford is hopelessly ruined. I say that we may as well shut up shop altogether and clear out, unless Colonel Cooper has some remedy to suggest."

"Cooper! Cooper!" shouted the crowd, and Colonel Cooper, cool and collected, as usual, stepped upon a chair and addressed the crowd.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I call this meeting to order. I proclaim this the adjourned town meeting. Let us proceed to elect a mayor. There is no use in sitting down and crying over spilled milk, fellow citizens. I am not, as you know, a resident of Boxford at present, but I have the interests of the town deeply at heart. We must act, not talk. Detectives must be put upon the track of this scoundrel, and every effort made to secure the lost money. I have suspected for some time that Waddington was in a bad way, but I did think he was an honest man. What we need now is a hustler. A young man, a wide awake fellow, who will devote his whole energies to building up the town. Who shall we choose? I can suggest nobody. I do not feel able to contribute further toward the town. I do not think that I shall be able to raise further subscriptions for her benefit, but—"

"But you do not have to, Colonel Cooper!" called out a firm, manly voice near the door. "The town of Boxford is all right! She needs no charity from anyone! Gentlemen, if I may be allowed to address this meeting, I will explain."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the door, and of course everyone saw Tom Taylor and Billy McFarland, who had just entered the hotel.

"It's the boy what showed up the mayor! It's Tom Taylor!" they cried. "Make room for Tom Taylor! Let's hear what he has to say!"

Tom worked his way to the front, and Billy followed, carrying a japanned cash box and an old flour bag which seemed to be pretty well stuffed with something, the crowd could not imagine what.

"That's Waddington's box!" cried Mr. White.

"Billy, what in the world have you been up to?" Mr. McFarland cried out.

"It's Tom, not me!" answered Billy. "I'm only carrying the bag."

"Up on the chair with you, boy! Tell us all about it!" cried Colonel Cooper, and Tom modestly mounted the improvised rostrum, and in his clear, ringing voice told the story of the chase.

"There's the town cash box, gentlemen," he wound up with saying. "I don't know what there is in it, for I haven't tried to find out; but I took it away from Mr. Waddington on the quarry bridge."

"I've got a duplicate key to that box!" called out Mr. Roby, the town clerk.

He then proceeded to open it, and in a voice loud enough for all to hear, announced that the \$10,000 was intact.

The cheers grew wilder than ever now.

"I nominate Tom Taylor for mayor of Boxford!" cried an excited individual at the other end of the room.

"Second the nomination!" said Colonel Cooper. "Really, gentlemen, I don't think you could do better. This boy is a hustler, young as he is. He's just the sort of fellow you want."

"Vote! Vote! Put the vote!" shouted another.

"Wait, gentlemen," said Tom. "I'm not through yet. Years ago this town had another experience with a mayor who was supposed to have run away with the bag."

"Winston! He means Winston!" murmured the crowd.

"Yes, I mean Winston," proceeded Tom. "But, gentlemen, Mr. Winston was not a defaulter. As you all know, he was last seen leaving the Quarry Station very drunk. I am prepared to prove that he fell off the quarry bridge and lost his life that night."

"Impossible! How can you prove a thing which happened when you were a baby?" Colonel Cooper cried.

Tom took the flour bag, and turning, emptied its contents on the bar.

"Fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks, gentlemen!" he cried. "The money which disappeared with Mayor Winston—that's my proof!"

To describe the exciting scene which followed is something which we cannot undertake.

Tom's story was told, and at last the crowd had satisfied its curiosity, and the questions ceased to come—for a time they fell about the boy's head like hail.

"Vote! Vote!" shouted several. "Gentlemen, we are here to nominate a mayor."

"Nominations! Let's have the nominations!" called a voice, and this brought Colonel Cooper to his feet.

"A nomination has already been made!" he shouted. "Thomas Taylor. A minor, but a mighty smart one. I move that the question of age be overlooked. If anyone is opposed, let him speak!"

One old hayseed in the corner began raising objections, but he was promptly hissed down.

"Put the vote, Roby!" cried the Colonel. "By acclamation, gentlemen. If there are too many nays, a vote will be taken. Remember, this is only nomination. We shall vote to-morrow in the regular way. Is Thomas Taylor to be a candidate? All in favor say aye!"

A storm of ayes rang out through the barroom.

"Those opposed!" cried the Colonel.

There were two or three feeble noes, and a voice which called out, "we don't want a boy mayor," was promptly hissed down.

Tom made a neat little speech, and the meeting adjourned.

This was the beginning.

Next day saw the finish at the polls.

Tom Taylor won hands down.

His majority was overwhelming.

There were less than fifty scattering votes against him.

Boxford had elected a BOY MAYOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fred Farnot is everybody's favorite. Read about him in "Work and Win." No. 48 is out to-day.

The Largest Natural Bridge.

This wonder of nature is situated 20 miles southwest of Douglas, Wyoming, where the La Perle Creek breaks through the foothills of the Laramie Mountains. The stream here flows, or rather tumbles and pitches, through a narrow, ragged canyon about 1,000 feet in depth. Near the lower end of the gorge a ledge or wall of solid rock, about 150 feet in height, stretches right across the canyon. In time long past the water has plunged over the top of this rock wall, which was then a natural dam; but finally the water found its way underneath, and the result is this bridge.

In span of its arch it exceeds anything of its kind in the known world. From buttress to buttress the bridge is 180 feet; highest point of arch, about 75 feet above the water, and breadth of under side, up and down stream, 80 feet. The arch is almost as perfect as though built by man's hands rather than formed by the action of the water. Not alone for this remarkable bridge does it pay the tourist to visit this spot; the wild, grand beauty of the canyon is well worth seeing, and added to this is a "Crystal Cave," in which may be seen countless beautiful quartz crystals of various sizes and shapes.

[This story commenced in No. 262.]

Dick Dareall

The Yankee Boy Spy;

OR,

Young America in the Philippines.

By ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "The White Nine," "Fast Mail Fred," "The Silver Wheel," "Two Boys From Nowhere," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

INTO THE DARK WATERS.

To say that Dick was not frightened would be telling an untruth, for he was.

And what boy, or man either, would not have been?

And to say he was frightened is not saying Dick was a coward, by any means, for he was not. Sometimes the bravest of men become frightened, and their hearts literally stand still, but the fright is not of the craven sort, that thinks of danger to the individual. It is the fear that some cherished plan is to be defeated, that the life of some one else whom they love is to be placed in jeopardy, mayhap, that causes the fear, and it was so in Dick's case.

He was not thinking of the danger to himself personally; it was the thought that his plan to carry the papers to General Lawton was to be defeated, that as a result of his failure to do so hundreds, perhaps even thousands of American soldiers might lose their lives that caused the feeling of fear.

Dick Dareall was a brave youth, and he did not fear for himself at all.

For some moments the two stood there, like living pictures, staring at each other, and then Aguinaldo spoke:

"So, Dick Dareall, Acartes was right, after all!" he said in a half-threatening, half-sorrowful voice. "It seems I came near losing my life for one who had come to spy upon me!"

Then Dick found his voice.

"But I saved your life, sir," he said, quietly.

"Yes, so you did; and it is because of that fact that I did not shoot you down without warning the instant I saw you there at my desk. But what were you going to do with those papers?"

Dick had been thinking rapidly, and he had decided upon a plan of action.

He had made up his mind that after being so near to success, he was not going to give up without a struggle. He would carry those documents to General Lawton, or die while making the attempt.

It was useless to try to deceive the insurgent chief further. He would not believe anything Dick might say, unless it was in accordance with his own belief on the subject, so Dick decided to take the boldest course. In pursuance of this plan, he said, in answer to Aguinaldo's question:

"I was going to take them to the American general."

"Ah!" ejaculated the insurgent chief. "Well, it is as well for you to acknowledge the truth as to try to evade it, for I have caught you in the act of stealing the papers, and you could not explain that away."

"That is true, sir."

"But what good would the papers be to your general? They are in the native dialect, and he could not read them."

"Oh, there are a number of natives in the general's employ. They would interpret for him."

"So!" said Aguinaldo, a sudden gleam coming into his eyes. "I guess it was fortunate that I awoke in time! Just return those papers to the drawer, my young Yankee friend!"

The time had come—the time for action; for Dick had decided to act. He had been ordered to put the documents back in the drawer, and if he did that, if he obeyed, he would never again lay eyes or hands upon them. Knowing this, Dick made up his mind to not put them back, but to make a bold effort to retain them for the present, and to try to get clear away with them, to effect his escape and carry the documents to General Lawton, as he had expected to do before discovered by Aguinaldo.

So instead of obeying the order of the insurgent chief, Dick suddenly bent over and blew out the light! Then, quick as lightning, almost, he leaped backward and to one side, away from the table, and at the same instant there came the flash of a pistol shot, followed by a loud report.

Aguinaldo had fired at Dick!

The youth had taken the insurgent leader by surprise, however, and had been too quick for him. The bullet had gone where Dick had been, but at that instant he was ten feet away from the spot, and stealing cautiously toward a door which he had located before blowing out the light. The door had a key upon the inside, and if he could reach the door without being located and shot, Dick felt that he could get out of the room, and would then have at least a chance to escape.

"Stop!" cried Aguinaldo's voice. "I hear

you, and shall fire if you go a step farther! Stop, and stand where you are!"

Then Dick heard Aguinaldo moving across the floor, and believing that his words were a bluff, and that they were uttered for the purpose of frightening him into standing still until the insurgent chief could strike a light, Dick kept moving.

Presently his fingers touched the wall, and feeling along, he was soon at the door. Finding the key, Dick turned it, and pulled the door open just as Aguinaldo struck a match to light the lamp.

The insurgent chief caught sight of Dick just as the youth leaped through the doorway, and he fired a snap-shot at Dick.

The shot missed, however, and jerking the door to, Dick ran along the hall to where he remembered having seen a door as he came with Zeke Stubbs. Feeling along the wall, Dick quickly found the door knob, and turning it, pushed against the door.

Glory! It opened, and Dick leaped through and closed the door again just as he heard Aguinaldo open the door leading from the chief's room.

There was no key in the lock, and fearing Aguinaldo would open the door and catch him in the room, Dick leaped across it, and went out through another doorway. Nor was he an instant too soon, for as he closed that door, the other opened!

Dick was now in a lighted hallway, and he sped along it as fast as he could go, and fairly leaped down a flight of stairs at the end of the hall.

As he leaped he heard the ping! of a bullet past his ear and the report of a pistol! Aguinaldo had seen him, and had fired at him!

Dick struck the floor at the bottom of the stairs hard, and fell, but was on his feet in an instant, and he leaped through a doorway and closed the door just as Aguinaldo, pistol in hand, appeared at the head of the stairs.

Another hallway, dimly lighted, extended to the right and left, and choosing the right-hand direction at random, Dick ran along the hallway as fast as he could. At the end of the hallway was another flight of stairs, and Dick went down these at two jumps.

At the bottom a hallway extended to the right, and along this the youth ran, until stopped by another flight of stairs, which, to his dismay, led upward instead of downward!

"Great Scott!" thought Dick. "Am I to be chased around and around, upstairs and down, and then find myself, finally, back where I started from?"

There was no time to pick and choose, however. The only thing Dick could do was to keep on going. He dared not stop, for then Aguinaldo would shoot him.

So up the stairs Dick leaped, and along a hallway he ran, and behind him he heard the sound of skurrying feet.

Aguinaldo was still hot at his heels! Dick reached a point where the hallway intersected another running at right angles, and turning to the left, he ran in that direction.

Soon he came to the end of the hallway—to find he was in a trap!

It was the end of the hallway, and there was no way to go farther. There was neither a door leading to another room, a stairway, nor another hallway. In truth Dick was in a cul de sac from which it seemed as if there was no escape!

He could not go back, for he heard the sound of running feet in the other hallway.

Aguinaldo was coming!

Dick gave a despairing glance about him. His eyes fell upon a window at the end of the hallway, and he started. Perhaps he might escape through the window!

In a moment, seemingly, Dick had raised the sash, to find a wooden shutter beyond. The shutter was a double affair somewhat similar to those Dick had been familiar with at home, and he quickly had it open.

Leaning out Dick looked downward. To his surprise he saw water, seemingly at a distance of about twenty feet below the window, and a glance showed him that it was a river. He could see this much by means of the lights shining from houses on both sides of the stream.

At this instant he heard a noise in the hall, and turning he saw Aguinaldo standing, covering him with his revolver!

"Surrender!" cried the insurgent chief. "Quick! surrender, or I fire!"

For answer Dick sprang up onto the window ledge, and as he did so he heard the ping! of a bullet and the sharp crack of the revolver!

Then giving utterance to what might have been a cry of pain, or defiance, or both, Dick Dareall leaped headlong downward into the dark waters of the Pasig river.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

Straight downward toward the water went Dick Dareall, and ker-splash! into the water he went, head first, disappearing beneath the surface as Aguinaldo stuck his head out of the window!

Dick had his wits about him, and he knew that as soon as his head reappeared

on top of the water it would be made a target for the insurgent chief's pistol-shots.

So even while he was yet going downward as a result of the force with which he had struck, Dick struck out with his arms, and began swimming in a direction away from the building he had just left.

Dick was a splendid swimmer, and he held his breath and forged through the water like some huge fish, but he was forced to come to the surface when nearly a minute had passed, to get his breath, and although he came up as carefully and noiselessly as possible, and exposed but very little of his head—only a little of his face, in fact, he having turned over onto his back—the insurgent chief's keen eyes caught sight of it, and one after another in quick succession he fired four shots.

Dick was not hit, however, for his face was above the water only a few moments, when, having secured a fresh stock of air, he sank beneath the waters again.

Then he struck out through the water as fast as he could go, and when he rose to the surface, there came no pistol shots.

He was beyond the range of Aguinaldo's vision in the uncertain light.

"That was a close shave!" thought Dick. "Well, a miss is as good as a mile! However, I'm not out of the woods—to say nothing of the water—yet. I notice a commotion on the shore, yonder. Men are hurrying about, and talking excitedly! I wonder if Aguinaldo has a way of communicating with his men on that side of the river so quickly? I shall have to exercise caution, or I may find myself back in the insurgent chief's hands very shortly."

As Dick neared the shore, he saw it was lined with natives, and fearing that they were there in the interests of Aguinaldo, he decided to not try to land at that point, but to go further down.

Then he turned at right angles, and swam down stream. This was easy work, the water flowing quite swiftly, but as the youth took note of the fact that the natives were running along the shore, and keeping pace with him, the conviction that he was in a serious predicament grew upon him.

If those fellows went on down, and kept even with him, as it seemed likely they would do, it would be impossible for him to make a landing on that shore at all, so turning, he struck out vigorously for the opposite shore.

The river was only about two hundred yards wide, and it did not take Dick long to cross, but as he neared the shore he saw it was lined with natives, as the other had been!

"Gracious!" the boy thought; "what am I to do? They are thick on both sides, and it begins to look as if it was a question of being recaptured or of drowning!"

Dick paused in his approach, and as in the other instance turned at right angles and started down stream. And as before, the natives moved down the river bank, and kept even with him.

"Well, this beats me!" the brave youth muttered. "I can't stay out here in the river, swimming back and forth across it, all night, and I can't land. About all I can do is to keep going on down stream in the hope that something will turn up to favor me, and enable me to escape."

So Dick kept on down the river, swimming easily, at about the speed a man would walk, and the men on both sides kept pace with him.

Then Dick thought of the precious documents for which he was risking so much.

They would become water-soaked—were indeed in that condition already—and would be ruined, rendered worthless to General Lawton, even if he succeeded in delivering them to him.

This thought worried Dick worse than the fact that he was in imminent danger had done. It would be terrible if, after all his trouble and the risks he had run, the papers should be of no value in the end.

Dick made up his mind that he must get out of the river at once, if such a thing could be accomplished. But how to accomplish it, that was the question.

Another thing: Dick was beginning to feel tired. He had all his clothes on, and as every one knows, it is difficult to keep long on top of the water when one is weighted down and hampered by clothing. The clothing, becoming water-soaked, seems to weigh a ton and tries a swimmer's strength terribly, after a short time.

Yes, Dick felt that for these reasons he must effect a landing, but how to do this without falling into the hands of his enemies was a puzzling question.

Dick turned and swam back toward the other shore, only to find the natives just as thick as they had been before.

The natives shouted and waved their hands, but of course Dick could not understand them.

On down the river he swam, and presently the thought struck Dick that perhaps he might swim out of the mouth of the river into the bay, and be picked up by one of Admiral Dewey's warships.

The thought gave him new courage and renewed strength, and Dick struck out at a swifter pace, swimming strongly.

On, on! he swam, and still along the shore moved the yelling gesticulating natives.

"They are stayers!" Dick said to himself, and then he set his teeth and made up

his mind to show them that he was a stay-er, too!

He would swim to the mouth of the river and out into the bay and to one of the American warships at anchor there, or die trying!

Dick was made of stern material, or he would have given up the fight and gone ashore and submitted to capture, for he felt now as if every stroke must be his last, he was so tired.

On, on! down the river he went, and as he neared the mouth of the river the shouting grew louder and had a more excited tone.

"They have discovered what I am up to," muttered Dick Dareall, grimly, "and are getting worked up over it! Well, let them yell! I'm not going ashore; they needn't think it!"

Suddenly Dick was startled to hear a voice speak in the English language, and listening intently, he could understand what the man was saying:

"Come ashore!" cried the voice. "Come ashore at once, or you will lose your life! You can't swim off to the ships, for the bay is full of sharks, and you will be eaten before you get half way there! The sharks even come up the river quite a ways, and you are in danger now! Come ashore!"

A thrill of horror went over Dick Dareall.

To be eaten by sharks! To be torn limb from limb by those terrible man-eaters!—would not that be a terrible fate?

Dick shuddered. He felt a terrible numbing feeling of terror taking possession of him, and he felt himself sinking, but by a powerful effort he shook off the feeling and continued swimming straight ahead.

"That is the voice of Zeke Stubbs!" he thought; "and of course he would like to frighten me into coming to shore if he could. I'll not do it, though! Sharks or no sharks, I'll keep straight on!"

It would be death to go ashore; it could be no more than death to keep on the way he was going, and even if the sharks were there, he might escape.

He would have a chance, anyway, while if he went ashore he would have no chance.

"Come ashore, you fool!" shrieked the voice of Stubbs. "A shark'll hev ye in less'n no time, an' then whar'll ye be? Ef ye'll come ashore, I'll promise ye shan't be hurt!"

But Dick had no faith in Zeke's promises, and even if he had have had, he would not have gone ashore now, for after risking so much, he would risk more—all, in fact, and deliver the papers to General Lawton, or die while trying!

So leaving Mr. Stubbs to shout himself hoarse on the shore, Dick swam out through the mouth of the Pasig river, into Manila bay, and headed boldly for the lights he saw shining there, and which he knew were on the warships.

Dick could not help fearing that what Stubbs had said about sharks was true, and in spite of himself he was imbued with a terrible feeling, a fear that at any moment he might be seized between the jaws of one of the horrible, man-eating saurians.

It was a terrible strain on the nerves to have to swim along through the black waters of the bay, feeling thus, but Dick knew there was no help for it, and setting his teeth, he drove ahead.

On, on! he forged his way, and gradually the lights drew nearer.

Nearer still they drew, and at last, after what seemed like an age to the brave boy, the dark hull of a warship loomed up before him.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Dick. "Ahoy! Ahoy!"

"Aye—aye! Who calls?" cried a voice, and a man's dark form appeared at the rail.

"A friend in distress!" cried Dick. "Quick! a rope, or ladder! I am almost exhausted!"

"Here you are! It's a ladder, and will be easier for you to climb!" came back a cheery voice, and something struck the water beside Dick, he having reached the ship's side.

"Climb up, quickly!" cried the man above. "There are sharks all about! I'm amazed that they haven't nabbed you before this!"

While the man was speaking, Dick had seized the ladder and had climbed up out of the water, and just as he got clear of it, there came a rush of some dark object just below, and the jaws of a monster shark clashed together with a rasping sound that was terrifying to the youth.

"By Jove! But that was a narrow escape, my friend!" cried the man above.

CHAPTER XV.

DICK DELIVERS THE PAPERS.

"You are right, sir!" gasped Dick, and then he would have sunk to the deck had not the man sustained him.

"Come," the man said, and he assisted Dick to a cabin, the youth walking with difficulty.

When they were in the cabin, the sailor, who was evidently a member of the watch, seated the youth on a leather-covered seat running along the side of the cabin.

"What ship is this?" asked Dick.

"The Olympia,"

Dick started.

"The Olympia!" he cried. "Then this is Admiral Dewey's flag-ship!"

"It is," the sailor answered. "And now," he went on, "who are you, and how came you swimming in the bay?"

Dick knew he was in safe hands, so he answered, frankly:

"My name is Dick Dareall, and I am a spy, acting under General Lawton's orders."

The sailor looked at the youth in surprise, not unmixed with incredulity. He could scarce believe that a mere boy would be sent upon the dangerous service of a spy. Yet the boy's face was a frank and honest one, and his tone and air carried conviction with them.

"You a spy? A boy like you?" the man exclaimed. "How came you to be detailed for such duty when there are plenty of men for the position?"

"General Lawton thought that because of the fact that I was a boy, I should be less likely to be suspected of being a spy, sir."

And then Dick rose, and stretched himself.

"I feel strong again," he said, "and I must be going. I have important papers detailing the war plans of the insurgents, and must place them in the hands of General Lawton at the earliest possible moment. Can I not get some of your men to row me ashore, at once, so that I may rejoin the army?"

The sailor, who was the officer of the watch, listened in amazement.

"You have important papers detailing the plans of the insurgents! Where did you get them?"

"Of Aguinaldo,"

"Of—?" the man stopped and stared at the youth, dumfounded.

"Did you say Aguinaldo?" he asked. "You are joking, boy—or crazy!"

"Neither, sir! I have just come from the house that is Aguinaldo's headquarters in the city—in fact I jumped out of a window of that house, into the Pasig river, and swam down the river into the bay, and out to your ship. I took the papers in question out of Aguinaldo's desk, was caught in the act by him, but blew out the light and escaped by jumping into the river. By the way, while I'm waiting for you to get the boat ready for me, I might as well spread the papers out and let them be drying. I was in the water for an hour or more, and they must be soaking wet."

With the words, Dick drew the package of papers from his pocket, and spread them out on the table in the center of the cabin before the wondering eyes of the officer.

An incredulous look had been in the man's eyes, but as he bent over and looked at the papers, he started, and an exclamation of amazement escaped him.

"Wonderful! Amazing! Incredible!" he said, under his breath. "The papers are genuine, and have Aguinaldo's signature! This boy's story must be true, miraculous as it seems! The Admiral must know of this!"

Then to Dick he said:

"I will go and see about the boat. I will be back soon."

"Very well, sir, but hasten the getting ready of the boat, for I must get these papers to General Lawton at the earliest possible moment."

"I will do so," and the man left the cabin.

Dick opened out the papers, and to his surprise and joy found that they were not very wet. On examining the paper closely, he saw that it was oiled, which accounted for the fact of its not having taken the water readily.

"How fortunate!" Dick murmured. "I am much obliged to Mr. Aguinaldo for having used oiled paper!"

While he was standing there, contemplating the papers with a look of satisfaction, he heard a step, and looked around expecting to see the man who had brought him there.

"Is the boat ready?"

He got this far, and stopped in amazement. It was not the officer of the watch, but a rather stern-looking, gray-haired man of erect carriage, whom Dick recognized instantly, from his familiarity with his picture.

"Admiral Dewey!"

The words fell from Dick's lips involuntarily, and the Admiral nodded and a grim smile crossed his face.

"Yes, I am called Admiral Dewey," he said.

Then he stepped closer, and surveyed Dick's face closely.

"You came in on the transport the other day," he said, quietly. "You are the boy who leaped upon the rail, and made a talk about Admiral Dewey making the American flag supreme in the Philippines, and all that, are you not?"

Dick blushed and nodded.

"Yes, I'm the boy," he assented.

"What is your name?"

"Dick Dareall."

"Dick Dareall, eh? Well, that is a good name, and if what my officer of the watch told me is true, it is an appropriate one. Are those the papers he mentioned?"

"Yes, sir."

The Admiral bent over and looked closely at the papers.

Presently he straightened up, and looked into Dick's face searchingly and earnestly.

"And you say you penetrated into Aguinaldo's headquarters up in the city, secured these papers, escaped by jumping

into the river, and then swam down the river into the bay, and out to this vessel?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick, with modest simplicity.

The Admiral looked at the youth for a few moments in silence, but one familiar with his expression would have read a gleam of admiration shining in the gray-blue eyes.

"Do you know that this bay is full of sharks?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, sir; that is, I have reason to believe so. An American by the name of Zeke Stubbs who is aiding the insurgents tried to get me to come ashore, and said the bay and mouth of the river was full of sharks."

"And you came on, just the same."

"Yes, sir. I had risked my life to secure the papers, and I felt that I would deliver them to General Lawton or die in making the attempt."

Admiral Dewey nodded, approvingly.

"That is the spirit!" he said. "Dick, you are the kind of a boy that will grow into the right kind of a man! You are a hero, for you have faced death alone, in the darkness amid terrifying surroundings. I am proud to offer you my hand, my boy," here the Admiral held out his hand, which Dick grasped, "and," the grim warrior continued, "if Lawton doesn't make you a lieutenant, at least, for this night's work, why, then I shall give you a commission on my vessel, that's all!"

Dick blushed and smiled. He was pleased, as he had a right to be, but there was not the least danger of his head swelling.

"I am satisfied to know I have done my duty," he said, quietly. "How soon will the boat be ready, sir, to take me ashore?"

"In five minutes. You shall be rowed ashore and sent to General Lawton under escort. Good-by, my boy! I hope to see you again."

"Good-by, sir."

Five minutes later, with the papers resting securely in an inside pocket, Dick was seated in a boat, being rowed ashore.

Reaching the dock, Dick leaped out of the boat, as did four of the sailors, and the latter accompanied Dick to the encampment of General Lawton, then, after seeing him safely inside the lines, they returned to the boat.

Dick made his way to General Lawton's tent, and made himself known to the orderly, who recognized the youth at once, it chancing to be the fellow who had flogged Dick with the strap under General Lawton's orders.

"I wish to see the general at once," said Dick. "I will take all blame, if you will awaken him. Tell him Dick Dareall is here, and must see him at once."

The orderly entered the tent, and when he returned a few minutes later, he said: "Step inside. The general will see you."

General Lawton was seated on the edge of his cot, and he looked at Dick eagerly as the youth entered.

"So it's really you, Dareall?" he said. "I'm glad to see you back alive. What luck?"

"The best in the world, General Lawton," said Dick. "I am right from Aguinaldo's headquarters, and I have brought you papers containing the maps, charts, drawings—the full and complete plans in detail, in fact, of the insurgent army's intended campaign against the American army! Here are the papers!" and Dick drew the documents from his pocket and held them out toward the general.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you enjoy a good laugh you should read "Snaps" every week. No. 4 is out to-day.

[This story began in No. 263.]

The Boss of the Camp;

OR,

The Boy Who Was Never Afraid.

By R. T. EMMET,

Author of "Left on Treasure Island," "Cal, the Canvas Boy," "The Boy from Tombstone," "Nobody's Son," etc.

CHAPTER X.

SAVED BY THE WICKEDSBURG STAGE.

"Upon my word, young man, you act just as though you were not one bit afraid!" exclaimed Mr. Hollister, as Harry coolly fired again.

"What's the use of being afraid?" replied Harry. "We won't make anything by that. The odds are dead against us, though."

"Then you don't expect to escape?"

"Bang!"

Mr. Hollister fired again, and one of the toughs fell backward off his horse.

"Bang!"

Once more he let fly and this time the horse fell on the trail, blocking the advance of the rest.

"Really, I don't see how we are going to," said Harry, who had unhorsed Barney on

the other side, and downed another tough with a second shot.

Rob, who had received a revolver from Evelyn Hollister, took a hand in, too, and had just unhorsed and wounded his man.

It was lively business, but the situation was very serious for the toughs continued to advance on both sides.

Harry was quite right in saying that there really was no chance, and there is hardly a doubt that it would have ended in the killing of the whole party and the capture of the gold if at that most critical moment the Wickedburg stage had not come rattling down the pass.

Barney's gang heard it, and gave up the fight.

To Harry's great relief he saw them turn back and go galloping away toward the approaching stage.

They had no notion of tackling it, however, for the driver was a plucky man, and always had two other good fighters with him heavily armed.

They turned aside into the cross-canyon and made good their escape, while the gang on the other side, knowing that their chance was gone, hastily halted, put their wounded on the horses and beat a retreat.

If any of the toughs were killed outright Harry never knew it, for when the stage came up and halted and they had a chance to look, there were no dead bodies to be found.

There were six passengers in the stage, and of course they all sprang out as soon as they reached the wagon.

Many of them were acquainted with Mr. Hollister, who was one of the owners of the quartz mill at Wickedburg, and it goes without saying that they listened eagerly to his story of the fight.

"The bravest boys in New Mexico, sir!" declared the mill owner, patting Harry on the back. "My daughter and I would have been killed sure, if it hadn't been for them."

This was only the beginning of the congratulations Harry and Rob received.

The stage passengers crowded around them and everybody had their say.

Better go back to Wickedburg, Mr. Hollister," said one. "These fellows will be laying for you. It isn't safe for you to go on alone."

"Well, I don't propose to, if these young fellows will go with us to Manning," replied Mr. Hollister. "My daughter is going to Frisco, and I've got this bullion to ship. What do you say, boys; will you see us through?"

Of course Harry wanted nothing better.

He consulted with Rob, who made no objection, so they got into the wagon with the mill owner and his daughter, and drove through to Manning, which was the nearest station on the railroad, twenty miles away, where they arrived safely without any further adventure.

The gold was shipped and Miss Evelyn was seen safely aboard the train.

"Now, then, boys, we'll put up at the Rogers House for the night," said Mr. Hollister. "I propose that we have as good a supper as old Winant, the landlord, can turn out, and we'll settle accounts before we eat."

"You're in luck now, Harry," remarked Rob, as they were washing up just before supper. "You're right in with the very man you wanted to know."

"It's a streak of luck, that's sure," replied Harry. "We'll see how it will turn out."

Mr. Hollister met them in the private room, where supper was served, a few moments later.

After they were all seated at the table, he heartily thanked Harry and Rob for their assistance, and taking out his check book and a fountain pen, added:

"Now, I'm going to thank you in a little more substantial style, boys. How will a check for a thousand dollars strike you?"

"It don't strike me at all," replied Harry. "What? Not enough?" exclaimed Mr. Hollister, in a tone of surprise.

"For my part, I won't take a cent," said Harry, "and Rob feels the same way; but there is something else you can do for me, if you will."

"All right. Anything you say goes, my boy. You've done me a big service, and I want to square accounts."

"You can do that very easily, sir," replied Harry.

"Give it a name."

"Are you the owner of Death Valley, Mr. Hollister?"

"Well, I am of part of it, and I wish I wasn't. A worthless piece of land, if ever there was one. Why do you ask?"

"I want to buy in there?"

"You?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean? I only own on the east side of the creek line."

"If you'll let me tell my story, I think I can make my meaning clear to you, sir," replied Harry. "I want to say first, however, that I haven't got a cent, and so, whatever bargain we may make, it will have to be on time."

"That will be all right," said Mr. Hollister, beginning to eat. Fire away. Let's hear it all. I suspect you've made a strike down in Death Valley, young man, but you need not be afraid but what I'll use you square."

"Well, we have made a find in the valley," admitted Harry, and he went on and

told his story, winding up by laying a sample of the gold on the table.

"This is a great piece of business!" exclaimed Mr. Hollister. "Do you mean to tell me that you found this gold in Death Valley?"

"That's exactly what we did, sir. What do you think of it?"

"Why, it's all right. It strikes me, boys, that I'm a richer man than I thought for. Well, this is great."

"Perhaps I could get my father to help us," said Rob. "I'd like to see Harry take hold there, and—"

"Wait a minute," broke in Mr. Hollister. "I know your father very well, and I'm somewhat familiar with his affairs. I don't think it will be worth while to bother him."

Rob looked uneasy and said no more. "I don't want any help," said Harry; "all I want is a chance to work. I've got a proposition to make you, Mr. Hollister. It may seem a bad one, but—"

"Go on," said the mill owner. "Don't be afraid. I'm always open to propositions from a smart fellow like you."

"Well, then," said Harry, "sell me a hundred feet along the creek in Death Valley on time. If I strike it rich the value of the rest of your property will be so improved that it will more than pay for the risk. If I fail, you'll be no worse off than you are now."

"I say yes to that," laughed Mr. Hollister. "How much time do you want—twenty years?"

"No, sir, twelve months."

"Hum! You know something about the mining business, I fancy."

"I ought to; I've been around mines all my life. What's to be the price?"

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Hollister, leaning back in his chair.

"It's for you to say, sir. You are selling."

"Not at all. You are taking chances. I have considered the property worthless until now. Have you mining knowledge enough to decide? Wouldn't it be better to let some practical man examine the creek?"

"If you say so, certainly."

"But I don't say so on my own account. I speak solely in yours."

"Then I say no. I'll take my chances."

"All right. Name the price you are willing to pay. I'll give you a year's time, secured by a mortgage of two-thirds the valuation. Fire away, Harry."

"Twenty thousand dollars," said Harry, doubtfully.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Hollister. "I like that. It's none too much, in case you succeed, and on the other hand, it is enough for you to pay, considering that you are taking big chances. Call on me to-morrow at the mill and I'll draw up the papers. Now, then, boys, go in and win."

This was the way Harry Holloway went into the mining business at Death Valley. The outcome of this bold venture we shall now proceed to show.

CHAPTER XI.

BUSINESS.

We must hasten over the events which immediately followed.

Next day before dawn, Mr. Hollister and the boys started back over the Wickedburg trail, reaching that town safely.

Here Harry found that his fame had preceded him.

Quite a crowd came around the wagon when they alighted at the mill.

"Them's the fellows!" they cried. "There's the boy what downed the toughs!"

Everybody wanted shake hands, and Harry and Rob held quite a reception.

Already our hero was getting to be somebody in Wickedburg.

His fame increased still more when the rumor went around from gambling house to gambling house, and barroom to barroom, later in the day, that young Holloway and a tenderfoot from the States had made a strike in Death Valley, and were going to start a claim.

"You'll want working capital, Harry," said Mr. Hollister, next day after the papers were signed at the mill and the strip of land along the creek became the property of Harry and Rob. "I propose to make you a loan of \$2,000, to be secured by your note. That will give you a good start."

"With my endorsement?" asked Rob. "I don't know whether my father would like to have me endorse a note."

"Wait till I ask it," said Mr. Hollister. "Harry's signature is enough. Your endorsement would lend no extra value to the paper. Read this, young man."

Thus saying, Mr. Hollister took a letter off his desk which had come by the evening mail the day before, and tossed it over to Rob, who turned as pale as death when he read it.

"So my father has failed!" he exclaimed. "Well, well! I expected it a long time ago. Now I've got to hustle for myself, and that's a fact."

He got up and immediately left the mill. "That's a bad job!" cried Harry. "What am I to do now?"

"Go right ahead, just as though it had never happened," replied Mr. Hollister. "Don't let any man's troubles stand in the way of your success. Now, then, Harry, you've got a credit here with me for \$2,000

and there is nothing in the way of your making a start. Go in and win, my boy. What I have done for you is only a small return for what you did for me yesterday. When do you propose to begin?"

"At once," replied Harry. "I shall move up to Death Valley to-morrow morning. If I can only get a well man to go with me I shall soon be in shape. Of course we've got to have water before we can do anything great."

"Right. There's a well man in town now. He was in here this morning. Probably you'll find him at the Eureka House. Now, then, I am busy for the rest of the day, but if you want to see me, don't hesitate to call. I'm always ready to talk to you."

Harry took the hint and got out.

When he got to the Eureka House the first person he ran into was the well man, who had got wind of what was going on.

"Why, I'll get water for you in Death Valley inside of twenty-four hours after I get my machine going," he declared. "Ten dollars a foot, if Mr. Hollister is backing you. All you've got to do is to say the word, and I'll start right along."

"Be there the first of the week, and it's a go," replied Harry. "You can find out whether you want to trust me or not long before that time."

There was no difficulty on the score of credit with the well driver, or anyone else, however.

Mr. Hollister had looked out for that by sending out his clerk while Harry was making his arrangements to let everybody in the street know what the boys proposed to do, and that he was behind the deal.

The result was that as Harry went from one place to another he found everyone ready to help him.

A horse and a cart were purchased; also a tent and mining tools, rifles and supplies enough to last two weeks at least, besides various odds and ends that the boy felt they might need.

Everything was now ready for an immediate start, but Rob could not be found, so Harry postponed operations until morning.

That night Rob came to his room in the hotel with a telegram in his hand.

"It's all true, Harry," he said. "Father is ruined. I've wired him, and got an answer; he says I had better stay out here and go to work."

"I'm sorry and I'm glad," replied Harry. "We stand on an equal footing now, Rob. Pitch right in, and we'll make a go of it. When shall we start for the valley?"

"Why, I'm ready to start to-morrow morning if you are."

"Let's start to-night. I've tried to keep this thing close, but Mr. Hollister wouldn't have it so, and he's published it everywhere. I suppose that's business. He wants to start a rush into the valley on the other side of the creek line. It will be better for his property, no doubt, but all the same I wish he had let us get to work first."

"Do you think the rush will begin to-morrow morning, Harry?"

"I do. That's why I say let's go out to-night."

"I'm ready to go any time," replied Rob, and it was so arranged.

At midnight the wagon was driven quietly out of town loaded down with mining tools, provisions, water and everything needed to start Holloway & Rollins' new camp.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUSH INTO DEATH VALLEY BEGINS.

The boys arrived at Death Valley just before daylight, and by the time the sun had risen were fairly established on their new claim.

Harry measured off a hundred feet from the big boulder which marked the beginning of his line, got the tent up and the water barrels in place, and then proceeded to cook breakfast, for they were both tired and hungry, and needed refreshments before they began their work.

But there was something else to be done in the new camp.

Harry felt that he had a duty to perform, and he went right about it.

Climbing the hillside, they removed the big stone, and having dug a grave, laid the body of Arizona Jake reverently in and covered him up. The body of the superintendent of the North Star had been buried by the authorities the day before.

"I promised him," said Harry, "and we will have no luck unless we keep our word."

This over, they returned to the creek and went right to work.

Harry marked out two oblong strips of sand ten feet one way by twenty the other, and each went at it, turning up the sand and carefully examining it.

There was gold in every shovelful, but this was only surface work. The richness of the sand was supposed to increase as they went down.

"There's gold here, plenty of it," declared Harry, "but we can't tell a thing about it till we begin to wash."

"When are you going to start in washing?" asked Rob. "You must remember, this is all new business to me."

"Oh, in an hour or so. When we get sand enough out to make it worth while."

"Do you expect to wash to-day, Harry?" "Well, I certainly do. I haven't the least doubt we'll get it. I wish Mr. Hollister could have kept quiet and let us alone here, but when I spoke to him about it he only laughed and said it wasn't business. You know he's interested in the big mining supply store at Wickedsburg, Rob, and these rushes boom the business. I tell you, Hollister is right up to date. He wants every cent there is going, and I don't blame him for that either, but there's one thing, no matter how big the work is, I'm going to be the boss of this camp."

"If you can," laughed Rob. "Wait till the gamblers and toughs get in here and we'll see whether you are or not."

"But I will be, and don't you forget it. Know the name of this town?"

"No."

"Either Holloway or Rollins."

"It's Holloway, then—you're bossing me, anyhow. Come, isn't there sand enough here yet? Let's begin to wash."

Harry made no objection, so they set up the rocker and piling the sand in, threw pails of water on it, catching the waste water as it ran out of the mouth of the rocker in a bucket set in a hole in the sand.

It was slow work washing gold under these difficulties, but by one o'clock the sand was all washed over and the enthusiasm of the boys raised to the highest pitch. And they had good reason to be enthusiastic, for each washing brought rich returns.

Each time the rocker was emptied of its sand there was an accumulation of tiny yellow particles in the bottom, and with each washing the amount seemed to increase.

"It's enormously rich!" declared Harry. "Rob, there's no use talking, our fortunes are made."

"If I can only help father pay his debts, I shall be satisfied," said Rob. "He said in his telegram that he expected to lose the North Star mine with the rest. Wouldn't I like to save it for him! Our line goes up against his. What a triumph it would be if we could only make one mine out of the whole thing!"

"Wait," said Harry. "Let's get out the scales and see what sort of a start we have made."

They had collected quite a little heap of gold dust by this time, and when Harry put it on the scales, which he had bought for the purpose, it weighed up forty ounces, which was an immense return for a little surface scratching.

"If it keeps on like this we'll be millionaires in two years' time!" exclaimed Harry. He had hardly spoken when Rob jumped up, crying:

"Hello! There they are! The rush has begun!"

He pointed up the valley.

Sure enough, there were eight or ten men or horses riding in advance of an old wagon coming up the valley.

It was the beginning of the rush, sure enough.

As Mr. Hollister had explained to Harry, the land on the opposite side of the creek line belonged to various owners, most of whom were eastern men, who had never seen the property since the day they came into possession of it.

Evidently it was the intention of the new comers to jump these claims, and of course Harry could have done the same if he had not preferred to go about the business legitimately.

The new comers rode straight up to the camp and halted.

"Say, my name is Martin Dill," said the leader. "These here gents is my friends, and we propose to locate right here. How are you fellows making out?"

"Why, we've only just begun," replied Harry, who had carefully concealed his bag of dust before the party came up.

"You've done some digging, and you've done some washing. You'd better answer straight, if you don't want a muss," replied Dill, who was a notorious character, as Harry afterward learned.

"Look here!" cried Harry, laying his hand on his rifle; "do you see that creek line?"

"Do I see it?" growled Dill. "Well, yes, I do see it, and I don't need no boys to help me see it, that's more."

"Get over the other side of it, then," cried Harry. "You are on my property."

"Don't care a blame whose property I'm on. I'm going to dig where I blame please. Put up your rifle, or I'll give you a taste of this."

Out came Dill's revolver, and Harry's rifle went to his shoulder.

"Get across the creek!" he said, stoutly. "I'm no tenderfoot! I want you to understand that I'm the boss of this camp, and I'm not afraid of you or any other man alive!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There were plenty of empty seats in the car, but the smiling youth who wore his hat on the back part of his head stopped opposite the handsome young woman in the red hat and said in his most engaging manner: "Can I take this seat, miss?" "I have no objection, sir," she replied in a tone that froze the smile on his face, "but I think it's nailed down."

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Hustling Bob;

OR,

THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN.

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Author of "10,000 Miles from Home," "Lost Hopes Mines," "His Own Master," "The Timberdale Twins," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

DODGING THE SHERIFF.

If our friend Hustling Bob had not been a boy who always had his wits about him, it might have gone hard with both Nellie Wendell and himself that night.

Certain it was that Bob had saved Nellie's life again, but the question now was whether he could save himself from the sheriff, for at that most critical moment when he stood there at the edge of the precipice supporting the fainting girl in his arms, he heard the horses of the pursuing party coming up behind him.

The sheriff was on his trail.

A moment more might seal his fate and send him to state's prison for a long term of years.

Surely now was the time to hustle if Bob ever meant to hustle again.

He gave one horrified look over the precipice and then taking up the unconscious girl, hurried along the edge, making as little noise as possible.

It was hard work—all that Bob's strength was equal to—and in a very few moments he realized that he could go no further.

"Hey, fellers! Here are the horses!" some one shouted behind him. "This is all right. They can't be far away from here."

"Which way did they go—right or left?" called another voice in answer, which Bob recognized as belonging to Sheriff Mason. It was a voice which he had only too good reason to know.

"Most likely to the right," was the answer. "They found themselves cut off and had to abandon the horses. We've got to leave ours here, too. We'll break our necks if we don't."

There was considerable noise then. Bob made up his mind that the sheriff's posse were dismounting.

Then there was a crashing among the bushes. It was a moment of intense anxiety.

Bob could not tell whether they were coming to the left where he was or going in the opposite direction, but as the sounds soon died away he knew that he was safe for the moment in the hiding place which he had hastily chosen between two big boulders, where he had laid Nellie Wendell down.

"Bob! Is it you, Bob?" asked Nellie in a faint voice, as Bob bent over her in the darkness, wondering if she would ever speak again.

"It is I, Nellie! I'm right here." "Oh, Bob, where is he? What has happened? Don't let him get me! It is terrible! Why does he hate me when he used to love me so?"

"Hush!" said Bob. "Try and be quiet. He is gone, I don't know where. He won't come back again."

"Bob, you haven't killed him?" cried Nellie, suddenly sitting bolt upright.

"No, no! I haven't laid a finger on him."

"Oh, I could never endure it if you had harmed him," moaned Nellie, covering her face with her hands and weeping bitterly. It was a trying moment, but Bob felt that he had no time to waste.

At any time the sheriff might return.

That he would find out his mistake sooner or later and come back again, Bob felt perfectly sure.

"Nellie!" he whispered. "Listen to me. I am here to help you to-night. Try to help me by being as quiet as you can."

"I'm going to, Bob; I'm calm now. There, see, I've stopped. I'll not give way again."

"Thank you," said Bob. "Now listen. The sheriff is close to us. If I'm taken there is no telling what may happen to you. I must not be taken, and yet I cannot and will not desert you. That's the situation, Nellie. You see the fix I am in."

"I understand," said Nellie. "I'll be quiet. I'll do anything you say, Bob."

"Listen to me, then. The first thing we want is our lantern. It is hanging to the saddle of my horse. I'm going back after it, Nellie, and if you hear horses moving through the bushes don't say a word."

Thus saying, Bob hurried away, his mind fully made up as to his next move.

Horses were of no use to the sheriff here perhaps, but there was no telling what turn affairs might take, and Bob determined to fix it so that there would be no more horses used in the chase that night.

He found that the sheriff's men had hitched their horses to the trees which grew at the edge of the bluff, and as soon as he had procured the lantern, he whipped out his knife, cut the hitching straps, and picking up a stick, gave each horse a sharp cut which sent them all flying down the mountain.

It was a grand stampede, and it brought matters to a head in a hurry.

"The horses! The horses!" he could hear

the sheriff shouting. "Confound the fellow! He's as slippery as an eel! He was behind there after all!"

They were all coming back on the run now, and not a moment was to be lost.

Bob got over the ground in lively style, and soon gained the rocks.

"They are coming!" said Nellie, who stood between the boulders ready for him.

"Yes, they are coming," breathed Bob. "Oh, if I only knew this mountain, but I don't. I was never up here in my life. I don't know which way to turn."

"I can help you there, Bob," replied Nellie, quietly. "I've been up here with picnic parties many a time. If we can only get down under the bluff there's a cave. I believe we could hide in there safely. These men are all strangers in town, and I don't see how they can possibly know that it exists."

"Then under the bluff is where we want to go, for more reasons than one!" panted Bob; "but we can't go now, for there they are, are right on top of us. Down, Nellie! Down! Our only hope is to hide here."

They crouched down between the boulders, and none too soon, either.

"This way, gentlemen!" the sheriff was heard shouting. "I'd rather lose a dozen horses than let that boy give me the slip."

"If they find us I'm lost," breathed Bob; "but I'll fight to the last. They've got to catch me before they can take me back to Janesburg—that's one thing sure."

CHAPTER XX.

BOB TELLS HIS STORY.

"They are not anywhere around here. We've made a mistake. We'd better go back."

After listening to all sorts of talk and some of it not very complimentary to himself, Bob heard this remark which gave him new life.

The sheriff and his posse had made a pretty thorough search along the top of the bluff, too, but after all they missed their game, and this in spite of the fact that one of the men actually flashed a lantern in between the boulders.

Why they were not discovered then Bob could not understand, but they were not, and after a little the men passed them by a second time on their return, and something was said about giving it up and going down the mountain after their horses.

Bob waited until their footsteps died away in the distance before he dared to make a move.

"They seem to be gone, now," breathed Nellie, "and oh, I am so glad!"

"Don't say a word," answered Bob. "If it hadn't been for you I never could have stood it. I am innocent of any crime, and yet here I am hunted like a rat; it's terrible. I s'pose I've got to stand it, though."

"What is it, Bob? What does it all mean?" asked Nellie. "Tell me. I don't know that I can help you, but perhaps father can. It's just dreadful to have a thing like this hanging over your head."

"It's worse than you know, Nellie; but I can't talk about it now. I've got something else to tell you that you ought to know. Don't give way; I—I—oh, I don't know how to say it!"

"Speak out, Bob! Don't be afraid. I am going to be calm now. Poor Ed is dead!" "You've guessed it, Nellie. I'm afraid it is true."

There was a long silence, and then Nellie said in a low voice: "How did it happen, Bob?"

She had taken it far more quietly than Bob anticipated, and this was a great relief.

He began and told the story in as few words as possible.

"And this is the end," breathed Nellie. "Well, well! All this happened and I knew nothing about it. I was terribly frightened, Bob, and I suppose I must have fainted. Poor Ed! His troubles are over, and for his sake I am glad."

"We can't be sure," said Bob; "don't you think we ought to get down under the bluff and see what has become of him?"

"We certainly ought. We'll go now. I only hope he was killed outright. If he is there with his legs or arms broken, I—"

Nellie's voice choked. The thought was too much for her.

Bob said a few encouraging words as he lighted the lantern.

"Will you lead the way?" he asked. "I haven't the least idea where to go."

Nellie took the lantern and started along the edge of the bluff.

Soon they reached a point where the rocks began to descend and a little further on they came to the base of the precipice and turned.

A solid wall of rock towered above them now. They were upon a broad shelf bare of trees, the wind sweeping about them fiercely.

If it had been daylight they could have seen the town of Brockville lying at their feet, and even dark as it was, Bob recognized the spot.

"Oh, this is what we see as we ride out of the quarry!" he exclaimed. "This is where the old house is, 'Robinson's Roost,' I believe they call it, isn't it so?"

"Yes," replied Nellie. "The house is off there. You could see it plain enough if it was daylight. Hurry, Bob! We want to

get under the place where my poor father jumped."

A streak of rain struck their faces then. The storm was coming at last. In a moment it was coming down good and hard and they hurried on until Bob was sure they had passed the place, but no trace of the lunatic was found.

"Can it be possible that he escaped?" said Nellie. "He has done such desperate things! We must have gone away 'past the place.'"

"We have," said Bob. "Nellie, this must not do. You are getting all wet. Where is the cave you spoke of? The best thing we can do is to get into it, and wait till it lets up a bit. I don't like to have you exposed to the storm."

"It's right here somewhere," replied Nellie, hashing her lantern about. "Yes, here it is; well, we will stop for a little while anyhow. The sheriff may come back again and if he does it will be a good place to hide."

This was Nellie's idea, but Bob thought differently, as they turned in under the rocks, for the cave was nothing but a shallow opening in the towering wall, running in under the bluff, not over six feet.

"There's more of it," explained Nellie. "You can crawl through a hole at the end and come into a larger cave. We may as well sit down here on these stones. Perhaps we shall hear Ed call."

But they heard nothing but the patter of the rain as they waited. It was a poor time for talk, and for a long while Nellie sat in silence.

"Now, Bob," she said at last; "I've got something to say to you. I don't want to force you to speak, but I think you ought to. I have risked my life trying to help you to-night, and I think I have a right to know what all this means."

Bob caught his breath, but for a moment did not speak.

"Well, never mind, if you don't wish to," said Nellie. "I won't insist, but—"

"Stop! I'll tell," said Bob. "What's troubling me, Nellie, is that you may think the less of me. You say your folks used to live in Janesburg, Pennsylvania. Probably you have heard a good deal about the place even if you don't remember living there. Did you ever happen to hear of the robbery at the bank three years ago, when a hundred thousand dollars in bills were taken in broad daylight, and the cashier, Mr. Brown, found unconscious on the floor behind his desk, shot through the back?"

"Yes, I've heard of it," said Nellie in a low voice. "I remember father coming home and telling us all about it. A boy named Richards was arrested. He was the messenger in the bank. The robbery took place at noon, when the bookkeeper had gone to dinner, and there was no one but Richards and Mr. Brown, the cashier, in the bank at the time."

"That was it."

"Surely, Bob, that terrible crime can have nothing to do with you?"

"It has all to do with me," replied the boy, sadly. "I am Bob Richards. I was arrested and charged with the robbery, and the assault. I was put in jail, and lay there waiting trial for months. Mr. Brown recovered, but his mind never could have been quite right, for he declared that I was in the bank and must have come up behind and shot him, while the truth is, he himself sent me into the yard behind the building to feed his horse, which he kept under a little shed there. You see, he lived out of town, and always rode in and out to business on a saddle horse. The first I knew I heard the shot, and when I ran in there he was on the floor alone with the revolver lying beside him. Like a fool I took up the revolver and there they caught me with it in my hand. Oh, it was a terrible thing, Nellie! You have no idea what I suffered! But I am innocent. I have no more idea who shot him or who took the money than you have. And that's the truth."

"I believe you, Bob, if you say so. I do indeed."

"Thank you," said Bob bitterly. "But you can't help me. Nobody can. For months the detectives kept coming to the jail. They put me through the most terrible torture to make me confess what I had done with the money. I couldn't begin to tell you what I suffered, Nellie. I was starved and beaten and—but I can't tell it. One night I saw my chance when the warden was drunk, as he nearly always was. I knocked him down, got away his keys and broke jail and ran away. I am innocent, but no one will ever believe it."

"I believe it. I know it," said a voice behind the boy, and it was not Nellie Wendell's voice, but a man's!

"Who spoke?" cried Bob, springing up.

"There's someone in the cave!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LUNATIC'S CONFESSION.

"Oh, Bob, what can it mean?" gasped Nellie. "Who said that?"

"Just what I propose to find out," replied Bob, seizing the lantern and hurrying back into the cave.

He could see no one, however. To all appearance he and Nellie were alone.

"Hello!" cried Bob. "Who are you? Where are you? Speak?"
Not a word—not a sound came in answer to this appeal.

There was a low opening at the end of the cave leading in under the rocks, and Bob stooped down and tried to see beyond it by flashing the lantern in.

"That's the way to the other cave," whispered Nellie, coming up behind him. "Bob, there must be somebody there."
"There must! You heard the voice, Nellie?"

"As plain as I hear you speak now."
"Then this mystery must be solved. Do you mind staying alone here in the dark?"
"Go, Bob! If it will help you, go; but oh, do be careful!"

"Hello, inside there!" "Hello!" cried Bob, thrusting his head into the hole.

He distinctly heard a deep groan then, and that was enough to send him forward. He had to crawl on his hands and knees, but the distance was not great into the other cave.

"Well!" Nellie heard him exclaim.
"Oh, Nellie! Come in here! It's your brother!" he immediately called out. "Come right along! He cannot harm you now!"

It was a terrible shock for the poor girl, but she bore it nobly.

When she came into the inner cave Bob was bending over Edward Wendell, who lay unconscious and breathing heavily.

"Oh, Bob! What shall we do?" gasped Nellie. "Is he dead? Is he dying? Why don't he speak?"

"Hush! Hush!" whispered Bob. "He is coming to himself. For my sake, as well as his, be calm."

The lunatic opened his eyes and stared at them both.

"Nellie!" he exclaimed. "You here? And this boy? Oh, where am I? What has happened? Ah! I remember. I heard you talking of the robbery. It has come home to me at last. I knew it would."

"He is sane!" whispered Bob. "The fall has restored his reason, but his leg is broken and so is his arm, and I'm afraid he is injured internally. Speak to him now. I'll stand back. Speak to him now."

Nellie knelt at the side of the sufferer. "Ed, do you know me?" she asked.

"My sister! Yes, Nell. Where have I been? What does it all mean? Oh, I'm dying! That boy—where is he? There's something I must say before I go."

"Bob, come here!" said Nellie, firmly. "Ed, look at him! Do you know who he is?"

"Yes," was the faint reply. "I know you are Bob Richards of Janesburg. Young man, I am the cause of all your trouble. It was I who sneaked into the bank, shot Mr. Brown, and stole the money. I've been a bad one, but there is some excuse for me. I think I must have been crazy when I did that. Have I been crazy? They told me I was. Is it true?"

"Yes, Ed," replied Nellie. "Keep quiet; try and think. What did you do with the money? Did you spend it? Tell me, and we will help you if we can."

"No, no, I didn't spend it," replied the lunatic, in a confused way.

His reason seemed to be coming back to him, but his mind was anything but clear yet.

"I didn't spend it," he repeated. "I brought it up here and hid it. Let me see, where did I hide it? Why, it was up the big chimney in Robinson's Roost."

Bob gave a joyful cry.

"Then I'm saved!" he exclaimed. "Oh, if the sheriff was only here now!"

"The sheriff! Yes, he's after me! I must get out!" screamed the lunatic, and he made one desperate effort to rise, gave a cry of agony, and fell back dead to all appearances at Bob's feet.

It was a terrible moment, and those which followed were hard ones for Bob.

Poor Nellie was terribly excited, and no wonder. It took time to bring her to the conclusion which Bob had already arrived at.

At last she admitted that her brother must be dead.

"We mustn't stay here, Bob," she said then. "We must think of you now. If the money is really in Robinson's Roost, let us go there right away."

Bob took the lantern and started to bawl through the opening, when all at once he heard the tramp of feet outside the cave.

"Come on, boys!" shouted the sheriff's voice. "I'm dead certain he must have gone this way!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is no excuse for you not carrying a watch when you can get a good one for 75 cents. See 16 page.

The college graduates of the country make a pretty good part of the population, and Harvard takes the lead, with a total of 22,287 graduates. Yale has sent out into the world 18,180 men and Columbia 15,981. Princeton has graduated 7,500 students, Dartmouth 8,540, Brown 4,900, Bowdoin 4,619, Amherst 4,000 and Washington University 3,436.

Indians Capture a Safe.

"The Apache Indians had a hard nut to crack when they got hold of our paymaster's safe," said the ex-Sergeant of cavalry, who was asked about his experiences in Arizona. "On this particular trip I was detailed with six men to escort him. He and his clerk rode in an ambulance drawn by mules, and of course the escort were mounted. We were in camp one night between two forts when we were jumped by at least 100 Indians. They killed two men before we got out, and of course the ambulance was left in their hands."

"The paymaster's safe contained about \$7,000 in greenbacks. It weighed something like 400 pounds and worked with a combination. None of the redskins had ever examined one at close quarters before, but they all knew what it was hauled about from post to post, and of course they were anxious to get hold of the money. They first pounded off the knob with stones, thinking the door could then be pried open. It was a failure, of course, and then they tried their tomahawks on the chilled steel, hoping to cut a hole in it. They had seen iron softened by fire, and the third move was to give that safe a three hours' roasting. Luckily for Uncle Sam it was fire-proof. They threw big rocks upon it while it was still hot and it was dented here and there, but they were as far from the money as ever. After working away for a night and a day the safe was dragged up the side of a mountain and turned over a precipice 200 feet high. They expected to see it burst open, but the only damage done was to break one of the wheels off. It was left lying where it fell for three or four days and the gang then turned and carried it to the river and let it soak for a whole week. It was thought that this would soften it up, and great was their chagrin when baffled again. Then they tried gunpowder, but knowing nothing of blasting they brought about an explosion which burned half a dozen warriors and left the safe as good as ever."

"The Indians were fooling with that strong box for a month or more. They roasted it again and they gave it another fall, and no burglars ever worked harder to get at the long green. They failed to get at the inside, however, and in disgust they tumbled it into a deep ravine and left it. It was fourteen months later that peace came and we accidentally got track of the safe. An ambulance and a guard were sent for it and we found it lying in the bed of a creek with a great pile of driftwood piled around it. It was a lonesome-looking old safe, as you may suppose, and nobody had the slightest hope that the money had escaped fire and water. When we got it to the fort and blew off the door we found the \$7,000 as snug as you please. Some of the bills were a little tender from the heat and some had grown moldy from the water, but Uncle Sam redeemed every dollar and the paymaster was made happy again. When the Apaches heard of our getting the money one of them, who had worked hardest on the safe, growled at me:

"White man some fool. Indian more fool, and iron box great big fool."

How the Polar Bear Stalks Seals.

Travelers have known this cunning animal to take a stone or a huge lump of ice in his forepaws and from a favorable height, as a cliff or a precipitous ice hill, to hurl the missile down upon the head of a walrus—an enormous brute, often twice the size of the bear—and so stun him that Bruin could rush in and complete the destruction at his leisure, thus securing a month's rations.

The most usual food of the ice bear, as the Germans very appropriately call this beast, is the common seal of the Arctic regions. The latter is the warriest animal of the north, and both Eskimo and polar bear need their best strategy to catch it. Bruin, seeing one afar, walks up as near as he deems safe, and then begins crawling on his wary prey.

The seal, if the weather be sunny and pleasant, takes short naps, relieved by shorter moments when it is scanning the vicinity for signs of an enemy's approach. During these times the bear is very quiet and as still as death itself, with eyes apparently closed, though really a corner of each is kept open; and in this way he hopes the seal will take him for a heap of snow, an appearance which his coat readily helps him to assume.

During the naps he creeps forward with greater or less rapidity, according to his nearness to the seal and consequent fear of being heard or seen. When but ten or twelve yards away, and the seal is in the depths of a good nap the bear rushes upon him, and, with a single blow of his powerful paw, knocks the smaller brute senseless and so far away from his hole that he cannot escape by that way, even if the blow received is not immediately fatal.

In winter time the ice is covered with snow, and this is hollowed out by the seal into a snow house, covering the hole in the ice and connecting at the top of the dome with an aperture about the size of a shilling, called the blow hole, for it is

through this that the seal breathes when he is in want of fresh air.

Here the bear watches for many a long hour, if necessary, and when the anorts of the seal are heard he crushes in the fragile dome of the snow house with his paw, impaling the seal on his curved claws, and proceeds to practically demonstrate how polar bears can subsist in an Arctic winter.

"Worth Her Weight in Gold."

A girl who is "worth her weight in gold" is worth comparatively little. There are several hundred millionaires in the United States who are worth their weight in gold several thousand times over, and there is many an American heiress who is worth more than the golden girl statue of Colorado, which is made of gold.

The expression, "worth her weight in gold," when applied to a woman, is pretty, though trite, but it is specious.

At the market rate pure gold is worth about \$300,000 a cubic foot, or \$108 a cubic inch. If Mr. Rockefeller were worth his weight in gold he would only possess a little nugget 6 1/3 inches square. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is physically somewhat larger than Mr. Rockefeller, would own a cube 7 1/2 inches square; Russell Sage's block would measure 1 1/4 inches and Mrs. Hetty Green 6 1/2 inches.

The value of these little cubes is insignificant by comparison with the actual wealth of these millionaires.

The richest man in America, who undoubtedly is Mr. Rockefeller, were he worth only his weight in gold, would have but \$33,750. His actual wealth is estimated at \$200,000,000. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who probably ranks next in point of wealth, would have but \$42,500, instead of his \$150,000,000. Russell Sage, in place of his \$80,000,000, would be worth \$40,000, and Mrs. Hetty Green, whose fortune is estimated at \$50,000,000, would have \$38,750. The following table will enable one to tell at a glance just what the value of a man's weight would be in gold:

90 lbs	\$22,500	150 lbs	\$37,000
95 lbs	23,500	155 lbs	38,750
100 lbs	25,000	160 lbs	40,000
105 lbs	26,250	165 lbs	41,250
110 lbs	27,500	170 lbs	42,500
115 lbs	28,750	175 lbs	43,750
120 lbs	30,000	180 lbs	45,000
125 lbs	31,250	185 lbs	46,250
130 lbs	32,500	190 lbs	47,500
135 lbs	33,750	195 lbs	48,750
140 lbs	35,000	200 lbs	50,000
145 lbs	36,250		

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 24 Union Square, New York."

NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

LEO.—June 21, 1881, came on Tuesday.

H. S. W.—The first electric street railway was opened in Richmond, Va., on May 8, 1888.

BLUE GRASS.—Lake Superior is the largest lake in the world, and Lake Baikal, in Siberia, one of the deepest.

A CONSTANT READER.—A boy of sixteen could not enlist in the United States navy without having full consent of his parents.

THOMAS.—You can obtain a copyright for your musical composition by sending one dollar and a printed copy of the title to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

SUBURB.—It was estimated that during the Dewey celebration in New York there were 2,500,000 strangers in the city. It was the greatest celebration ever witnessed in New York.

2225.—There is very little demand for Columbian postage stamps, either used or unused. Dealers in New York are now offering 50-cent unused Columbian stamps for 55 cents.

TOM TURNIP.—New York city is the largest manufacturing city in the United States. The leading manufactories of Pittsburg are those engaged in the iron and glass industries.

E. R. S.—Andrew Johnson became president of the United States at the death of Abraham Lincoln. He served 3 years, 11 months and 9 days; James A. Garfield only served 6 months and 15 days.

HUSTLING BOB.—"Half-Back Harry, the Football Champion," by Albert J. Booth, was published in No. 213 to 220 of this paper. We will send you the complete story upon receipt of 40 cents in money or postage stamps.

MEDAL.—The coin of which you send a rubbing is of no value; it is a private token issued in 1863, during the scarcity of small change. At that time there were some five or six thousand different designs in circulation throughout the different cities of the North.

C. C. R.—There is no premium on the white cents coined from 1857 to 1864, inclusive; those coined in 1856 are quoted at \$1.50 for fine specimens. 2. London is the largest city in the world, with a population of about 4,500,000; New York comes second, with an estimated population of 3,500,000.

C. S.—We have no formula at hand. The rock candy is dissolved and mixed with whisky; after standing a long time it forms a precipitate on the sides and bottom of the bottles. A simple way is to put the rock candy in the bottle and fill it with whisky. Shake it well every day, and it will soon dissolve.

BILLY BRACKETT.—We will give your suggestion careful consideration. 2. Read "Young Frank Reade and His Electric Airship; or A 10,000 Miles Search For a Missing Man," which began in No. 261 of this paper. 3. We cannot supply you with any numbers of this paper between No. 1 and No. 135, as they are entirely out of print.

BOB DALTON.—The story entitled "Wall Street Will" ended in No. 261 of this paper, but by a typographical error the notice "The End" was omitted. 2. The name of his horse was "Siroc." 3. We do not intend to have stories of that kind published in Happy Days. 4. Read the "Secret Service" library, for sale by all newsdealers. Price 5 cents.

J. P. JONES.—We cannot say definitely from your description what value the revenue stamps you describe have, as there are several varieties of each. If you will send them to us with a two-cent stamp for return postage, we will mark the value on the back of each stamp and return them to you. 2. We cannot publish addresses of that kind in this column.

RUSSELL B.—No. 125 of this paper contained "Tony, the Torment," by Tom Teaser; "The Three Friends," by Gaston Garne; "His Father's Son," by C. Little; "Fearless Frank, the Brave Young Fireman," by Robert Lennox, and "The Rise of Eddy Dunn," by R. T. Emmet. 2. There is no premium on either coin you describe. 3. The average weight for a boy of 14 years is 100 pounds. 5. We cannot say.

STEWART.—We would advise you to go on with your studies, and not think of trying to become a variety actor. The profession is very much overcrowded, and only the most gifted are able to make more than an ordinary living. The work is very hard, especially when touring from place to place. You had far better engage in some mercantile pursuit and devote your theatrical ability to social amusement.

CONRAD.—Pomade for the mustache is made by melting, with a gentle heat, a half pound of gum arabic and half pound of oil soap in 1 pint of rose water, then adding one pound of white wax, constantly stirring it while doing this. When this mixture is of a uniform consistency one ounce of attar of bergamot and half drachm of attar of thyme is added for the purpose of perfumery. To give it a black color tube ivory black is used; for brown, tube burnt amber.

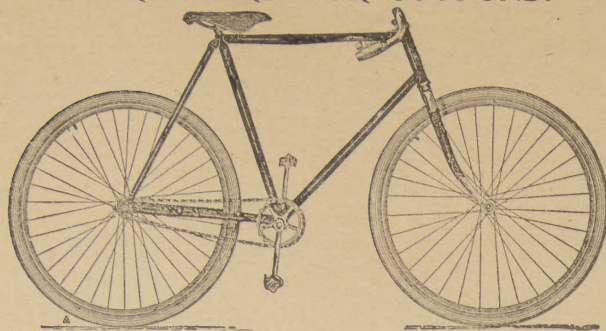
M. J. M.—To become a clerk in the New York postoffice, you must pass a civil service examination. You must be twenty-one years of age and a citizen of the United States. 2. The examination embraces geography, grammar, history and arithmetic. There are a number of grades of junior clerks, the average pay being about \$600 per year. You can get full information as well as application blanks by making application at the postoffice. 3. Your writing is excellent, and will do for any kind of business.

WHITE NINE.—"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Woodworth, a printer, of New York and of almost every other American city. Not far from the printing office where he was employed there was a dram shop which he frequented, and one hot summer afternoon he strolled in there and called for brandy. It was poured out, and as he held up the glass he remarked to a brother printer, "There's nothing like that." "Yes, there is," responded the other. "A drink of cool well water from the old oaken bucket that hangs in my father's well." Woodworth went back to the printing-office, sat down at a desk and began to write, and in the course of the afternoon finished the song. The music is by Kiallmark, and the melody is that written for "Araby's Daughter."

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

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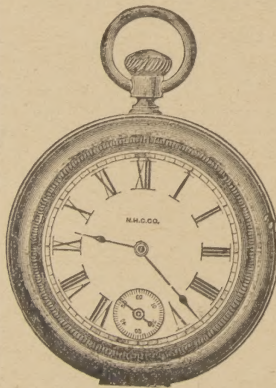
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